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Vol. CLXXXI No. 2364 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 12 1945

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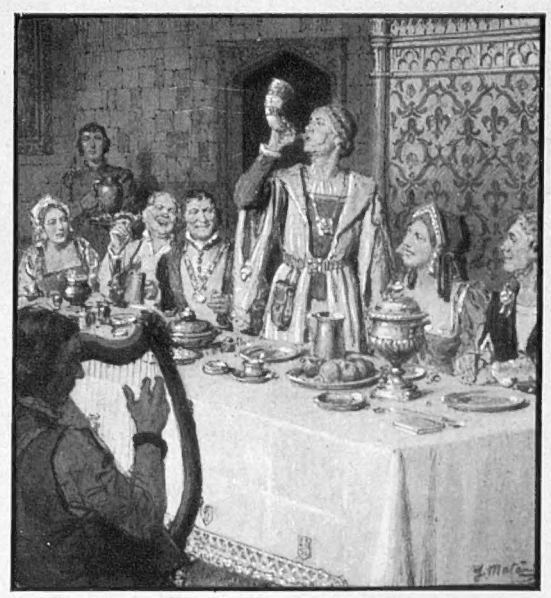
## *The Horn of Triumph*



The musical instrument known as the Hirlas Horn, is famous in Welsh history for the double purpose it served. After a victorious battle it was the custom to fill the horn with "metheglin," a kind of spiced mead, drink it at one draught and then blow a triumphant blast to show that the horn had been emptied of liquor.

The scene depicted is that of the great banquet given at Carew Castle, Pembrokeshire, to celebrate the bestowal of the Order of the Garter by Henry VII on Sir Rhys ap Thomas after the victory at Bosworth.

Doubtless the bards recited the ancient poem (about 1160 A.D.) of Owen Cyfeiliog, Prince of Powys.

*"Pride of feasts profound and blue**
*Of the ninth wave's azure hue*
*The drink of heroes famed to hold*
*With art enriched and lid of gold*
*Fill the horn with foaming liquor*
*Fill it up my boy, be quicker*
*Hence away despair and sorrow*
*Time enough to sigh tomorrow."*

** The word Hirlas means "Long blue" from Hir-long and glas-blue.*

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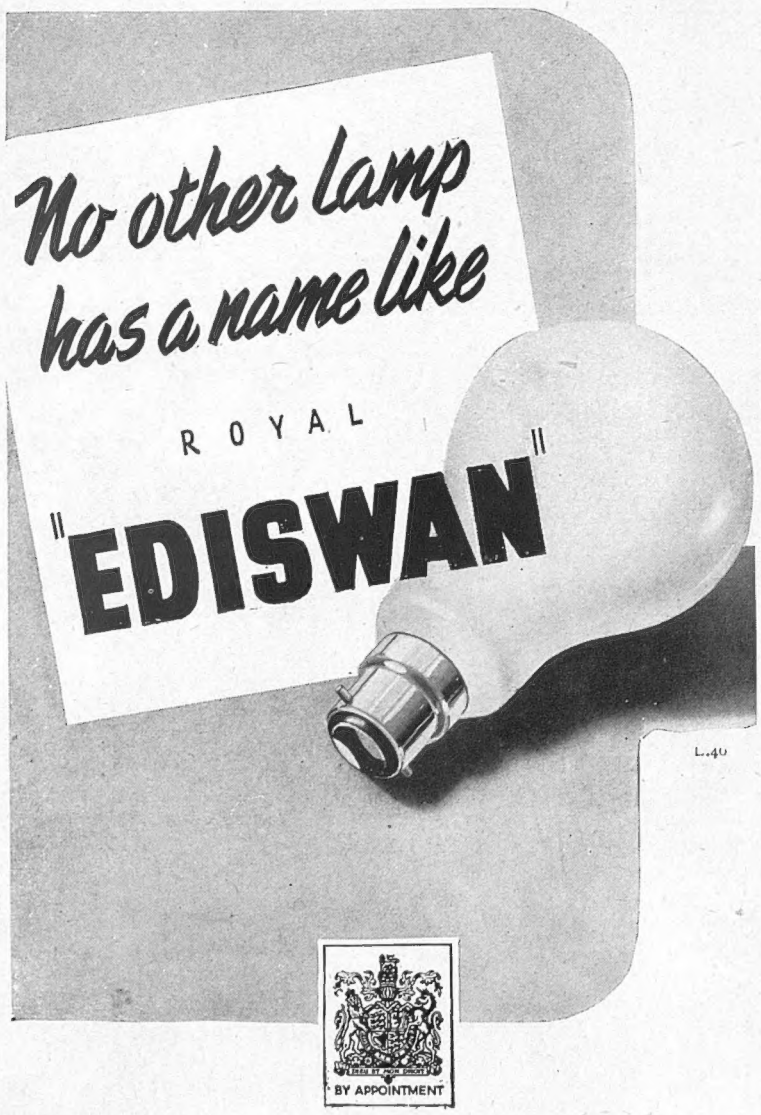


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Volume CLXXXI No. 2364 The SPHERE, London, May 12, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

**THE GREAT GERMAN CAPITULATION TO FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY: THE SCENE AT THE FIELD-MARSHAL'S TENT HEADQUARTERS ON LUNEBURG HEATH AS THE FOUR GERMAN PLENIPOTENTIARIES CAME IN TO ASK FOR SURRENDER TERMS FOR THE GERMAN MILITARY FORCES. This picture was taken on May 3, under the Union Jack, at 21st Army Group H.Q. as the delegates were addressed by the Field-Marshal**

The Capitulation of Luneburg took place at 6.25 on the evening of May 4. The actual moment of the signing is shown on page 163 of this issue. On the previous day —Thursday, May 3—four high German officers arrived under a white flag at Field-Marshal Montgomery's headquarters, which had been established under canvas on the bleak Luneburg Heath south of Hamburg. These men were General-Admiral von Friedeberg, Commander-in-Chief of the German Navy; General Kienzl, Chief of Staff to the Commander of the Northern German Army; Rear-Admiral Wagner, staff officer; and Major Frieder, staff officer. They were received by Field-Marshal Montgomery just outside his tent, beneath the Union Jack, and asked their business: later, the plenipotentiaries declared that they were prepared to sign the Capitulation, and the ceremony shown on the following page then took place

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# A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 297

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

## After the Nightmare.—

After the nightmare, the dream; semi-consciousness with a vague sense of relief. That is still my state of mind. And a great part of my sense of relief is based on thankfulness to-day that those gallant Dutch are past the worst of their long agony and free at last. This at least is Holland's V.V.V. Day. This Denmark's. This is the V.V.V. Day of 100,000 prisoners and captives. "For to-day the dead are living, The lost are found to-day." And gallant Norway's V. Day is round the corner, if not rounding the corner. We may rejoice and thank God . . . without an Act of Parliament. For the long agony is past and the curse is lifted from the House of Civilisation. All over Europe men, women and children, broken in body, broken in mind, but never broken in spirit, "creep out again to feel the sun." Call it a day, by all means.

## "The Long Trick Over."—

The great day has come at last, to which during long years of suffering and anxiety we have looked forward, once as a distant dream, more recently as a blessed event uncertain only in point of time. We may now look backwards with pride and forwards with hope, and perhaps confidence, over the years that are past and the years that lie ahead. Looking back, the nations of the British Commonwealth may well be proud of their achievements. In the brotherhood that grows from a united purpose, a common sacrifice and a sustained effort unequalled in our history, the nations of this Commonwealth have confirmed the greatness of our race in the eyes of the world and strengthened the ties which bind them together, nation to nation, class to class, man to man, under one flag. We fought this fight that freedom and honour and the principles of Christianity should not perish from the earth, and for a time we fought alone. We may take confidence for the future in the knowledge that we took up arms for a spiritual cause and with no thought of material reward—rather in the sure expectation of unequalled sacrifice and suffering: and in the knowledge that we have been tried in the fiercest fire and have not been found wanting. In courage and endurance, in suffering and sacrifice, in constant toil and anxiety, we have renewed our vows to God and remembered once more our duty to our neighbours. By God's mercy and by our own endeavours we have done our part to save Civilisation from a blacker night than ever before threatened it; and it is in our power, if we hold still to our purpose and principles, to stand with other nations in a brighter dawn than ever yet rose on suffering humanity.

## "And What Good Came of It at Last?"—

Que de mémoires! Que de régrets! We look back on universal tragedy, the like of which never before fell on humanity; on waste and devastation, cruelty and injustice, slavery, suffering and uprooting, on toil and sweat and blood, past all computing or comparing. What have we to show on the credit side? Freedom preserved? War eliminated? Christianity reborn? Time alone can prove these results. To-day we may perhaps take comfort from the knowledge that we have gained a faint hint of what is the only proven source of human peace and well-being, to live a little more nearly to the Christian ideals of fellowship and service. From the nightmare now passing, a few comfortable proofs and memories survive into the light of day. The courage of our race, the brotherhood and self-sacrifice revealed among men and women and children in mean streets and villages, our still surviving potentiality towards loyalty, unity, discipline; our still strong power of work, our essential racial decency, humour and good humour; a still high standard of honour and responsibility; a partial awakening from our lamentable political apathy. By common consent we have banished some of the shames of our national civilisation and put on the Statute Book many long overdue measures of social reform. Indeed, as a proof of our stricken conscience, we have gambled in futures to wipe out these shames. You and I, middle-aged reader, had in 1939 few enough good years left us to enjoy. We have lost them. Our children have lost years even more precious and vital. Many have lost all they might have expected. Our world is fallen about our ears. Yet it is not all regret. Pride is in the past and elusive hope is not gone beyond recall.

## Lord, What Fools. . . .—

"Oh! world as God had made it, all *was* beauty." Oh! world as men have left it, most is desolation, dust and ashes. It was no new thing, this uglification of God's heritage to man. It began before the industrial revolution in England. The foul work was stepped up at the dawn of this century. The gifts of science, which we were not worthy to handle, we turned to the destruction of our heritage, and by our own blindness, selfishness and pride forged from these gifts a weapon of senseless, ruthless destruction. All over Europe to-day the spirit of man lies crushed and grimed; all over Europe the loveliest works of men's hands, created in that nobler era which we once called the Dark Ages, lie in ruins. Mankind has wantonly destroyed its store of knowledge, its proofs of a nobler origin and destiny, built up painfully over the centuries. Could any visitor to our world, inspecting the scenes of conflict and desolation, resist the verdict, "Lord, what fools these mortals be?" You and I, who belong to that world, look back on the years of war, remembering the sweat and blood and agony, the crippling, ceaseless labour and all the pain and anxiety, and we echo the verdict. We look at our war-worn or shattered houses, the old bomb-craters in our small gardens; we think of what our children have lost and suffered and of what the nation has lost in constructive work, and we may try to balance such losses with the gains. The losses are solid, material, all too obvious. The credit side is based still on elusive, intangible things, hints of still existing virtues in our race, promises of true repentance, pledges of a new return to Christian principles. These have still to be proved in the first years of peace. Lord, what fools these mortals have been! Is it possible they can return to their folly, with these memorials and these memories of their folly everywhere in sight, and fresh in mind? Will the old Heaven and a new earth arise from these ruins? Who can tell?

## The Problem of Rewards.

—Soon enough the long lists of Victory Honours will come to be made out—and a fearful job it will be trying to make a vastly elaborate and largely antiquated system fit conditions altogether different from any previous occasion of the kind. How can we measure what we owe to Mr. Churchill? Can we "cancel half a line" of the debt by turning him into Sir Winston, K.G., O.M., C.H. (for I am very sure he will not accept, as Lloyd George did, a peerage)? K.G.? Has not every richest Duke since the age of Walpole been a K.G. almost as of right? O.M.? Was not Barrie an O.M.? Churchill is Churchill, as Pitt is Pitt. We can't improve on the bare surname which is a part of history. How can we measure (or reward) the debt we owe to our victorious fighting chiefs, ministers and administrators? But then, if the assurances of these very chiefs and ministers were not mere verbiage, how can we measure what we owe to the private soldier, sailor, airman; the plain men and the noble women in mean streets and villages? If there are to be earldoms for the few at the top, does not the bald logic of our vaunted new Charter of Democracy cry out for a creation of Countess (in her own right) of Seven Dials? And if it's only a question of recruiting the Upper House with the best new blood, what better blood than that which flowed and warmed to its work of courage and duty at Alamein and Arnhem or in the fires and smoke of Dockland in 1940? The tragedy is too big, the effort too supreme and nation-wide, for the customary round-off of ribbons and rewards. Yet on this final reckoning the very quality and quantity of merit to be recognised makes the problem insoluble. Almost one would wish for an amnesty, a single medal for a whole nation, to be enshrined on the wall of the Abbey. We are they who have come out of great tribulation, who marched as brothers through the valley of death. We all tried to do our duty. That knowledge is our reward. None other can be devised by the best brains in the country. High and humble, we have won our niche in history.

**AFTER HIS RETURN TO STOCKHOLM FROM HIS "MYSTERY TRIP"—Count Folke Bernadotte arrives by air and is greeted by his wife and son:** It was rumoured that the Count brought with him Himmler's offer of unconditional surrender to Britain, U.S. and Russia, although confirmation of this was not forthcoming in London. Count Bernadotte refused to answer any questions on the subject of the capitulation. In the meantime, the position of Himmler has become obscure since Admiral Doenitz took over Hitler's job

## Full Circle.—

And now once more I shall stand over against our village church—in uniform for the *very* last time—what time we assemble, for *our* thanksgiving service, in the yard of the village hall. There one lovely autumn day in 1939 we met to receive the London evacuees and to watch our few squadrons flying across to France. We expected to be bombed that night. We weren't; but we grossly underrated the frightfulness to come and the length of the trials ahead. What worlds away! Of those who met there in 1939, how very many have died of their trials? Our bomb-craters already Nature has turned into green dimples. But the scars remain and the gaps. . . . The nightmare is over. Bright new dreams still remain to come true. We shall carry to the grave the scars of war. The little children of 1939 are men and women now. *Que de mémoires! Que de régrets!* What sadness and what pride! What madness *and* what *sanity!*

## "The Hall of the Mountain King."—

As in the "Peer Gynt" suite, the Hall of the Mountain King came toppling down in crash after crash. There was no time to comment on each crash. The ruin is complete; each crash merging into the next. We are left gasping and silent. I can only record my gladness that Alexander and Clark had their split second of triumph all to themselves. They and their noble armies deserved it. So did the Fourteenth deserve their superb triumph. The rest is silence—the silence of chaotic triumph; of full hearts bursting with gratitude to our fighting men and thankfulness and relief which are tongue-tied from sheer plethora of emotion. Well, we might have foreseen some such an end. Not in bathos, God knows, but in sheer dazed indigestion from too much rich fare. Like starving men, we have been fed too often and with too large mouthfuls since the relief arrived at last. At least, that is how it has taken me! And as a spiller of words for twenty-five years non-stop, I apologise for my present drying-up at the source. I only wish I could have some of those spilt sentences in hand to-day; could call some of them back! But late events are beyond words; at least, beyond mine.

THE OLD STAGER

THE GERMANS WATCH FIELD-MARSHAL MONTGOMERY SIGNING THE SURRENDER TERMS: On the left is Rear-Admiral Wagner; next him is General-Admiral von Friedeberg, C.-in-C. of the German Navy in succession to Doenitz: he is also a General of the Army and was thus able to negotiate for the ground forces as well as for the Navy. The scene of the actual Capitulation was a weather-beaten tent set up on Luneburg Heath, the great peacetime manoeuvre ground of the German Army near Hamburg. Inside had been set up an ordinary kitchen-sized table: on it was a blue cloth; in between two microphones was an inkstand with pen. As the Field-Marshal took up the pen, he said "Now I will sign on behalf of the Supreme Allied Commander. General Eisenhower." The whole ceremony took about five minutes—and a million Germans had surrendered

# THE GREAT GERMAN SURRENDER

## —At Luneburg, in Holland, and in Hamburg

GENERAL BLASKOWITZ, COMMANDER OF ALL THE GERMAN FORCES IN HOLLAND, SURRENDERS IN PERSON. In the saloon of a small hotel at Wageningen, near Arnhem, and in the presence of Prince Bernhard, General Blaskowitz attended to receive his surrender orders from Lieut.-General Charles Foulkes, who commands the Canadian 1st Corps. This picture was taken during the meeting, after the 120,000 German troops had been surrendered by their Commander. General Foulkes is leaning forward on the left facing the enemy plenipotentiaries. Prince Bernhard is seated third from the left, with hands clasped in front of him

*On left*—FIELD-MARSHAL GERD VON RUNDSTEDT, highest ranking officer yet taken. He was captured by the Americans in a hospital in Bad Tolz. It was he who commanded the German Army in their great break-through attempt last February

*On right*—GENERAL BLASKOWITZ, as he arrived at Wageningen to surrender in Holland

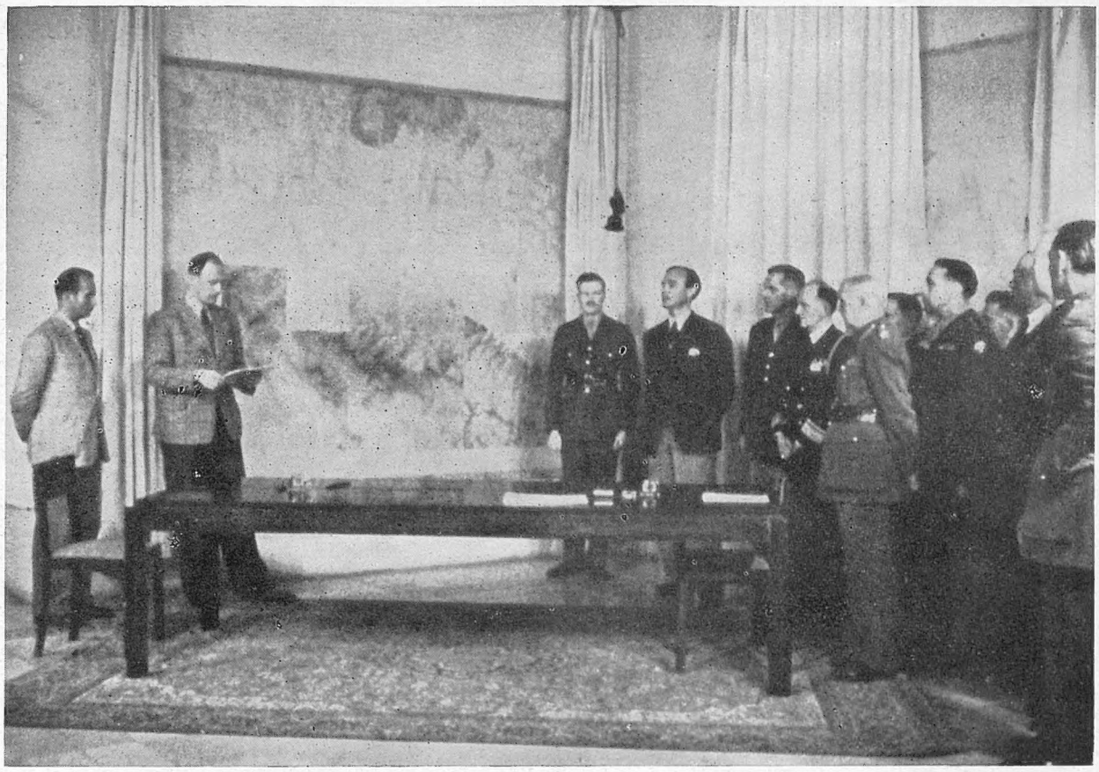
THE SURRENDER OF THE GREAT CITY OF HAMBURG: General Kehrl, the police chief, receives Major A. C. Polkington, the first British officer to enter with the Guards Armoured Division. The second city and greatest port of Germany (with a population of nearly 2,000,000) capitulated without a shot being fired. It had surrendered to the Second Army on the previous day

# The COLLAPSE in GERMANY and ITALY

## Some of the Amazing Events of the Past Few Days

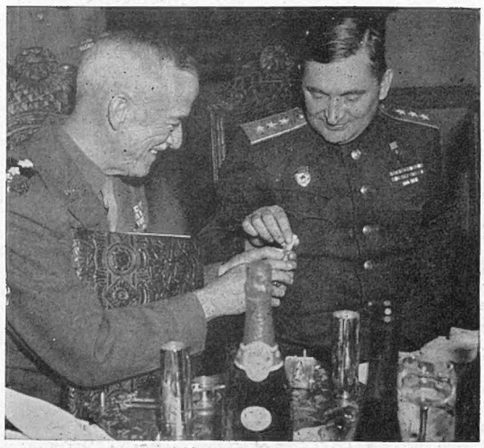
LIEUT.-GENERAL W. D. MORGAN SIGNS on behalf of the Allies at the Italian capitulation

ONE OF THE TWO GERMAN AGENTS signing the surrender document at Caserta



**THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN ARMED FORCES IN ITALY: The scene at the capitulation in the Caserta Palace, near Naples, on Sunday afternoon, April 29. On the right are the Allied representatives, with white-haired General Morgan in their centre: on the left are the two German emissaries; one of them holds the surrender document in his hands.** On Sunday, April 29, an unconditional surrender document was signed at Caserta, Italy, by two German agents representing General von Vietinghoff, German South-Eastern Commander, and S.S. General Wolff, in Supreme Command of S.S. Troops and Police and Plenipotentiary and General of the Wehrmacht in Italy. Lieut.-General W. D. Morgan, Chief of Staff, and representatives of the Supreme Allied Command in the Mediterranean and of the 15th Army Group received the surrender on behalf of the Allies. The ceremony took place in a small room on the second floor of the Caserta Palace. The two German representatives—a Lieut.-Colonel and a Major—were dressed, not in uniform, but in civilian sports clothes: much adverse comment has been made in England owing to the informal nature of their attire

**CELEBRATING THE LINK-UP BETWEEN THE ALLIED ARMIES AT TORGAU:** General Hodges and General Jadov stand at the salute as the National Anthems are played after the festivities



**GENERAL HODGES AT THE DINNER ON MAY DAY, with the Red Army General Jadov. Under the American officer's arm is the medal presented to him by the Russians**

On May Day, General Hodges, the Commanding General of the U.S. First Army, attended a dinner in celebration of the Russian-American link-up at Torgau. The invitation was given by Colonel-General Jadov, who is in command of the Fifth Russian Guards Army which made the link-up on the Elbe. He presented to General Hodges the medal which his army was awarded for its part in the victory of Stalingrad: General Hodges presented Jadov with the red and white flag of the First Army under which his troops have fought since D-Day. During the celebration, Red Army women sang and danced, and toasts were drunk to America and Britain

**DURING THE CELEBRATIONS AT TORGAU: General Jadov presents General Hodges with a desk set commemorating the great victory of Stalingrad. General Hodges responded by making a presentation to the Russians of his First Army's flag**

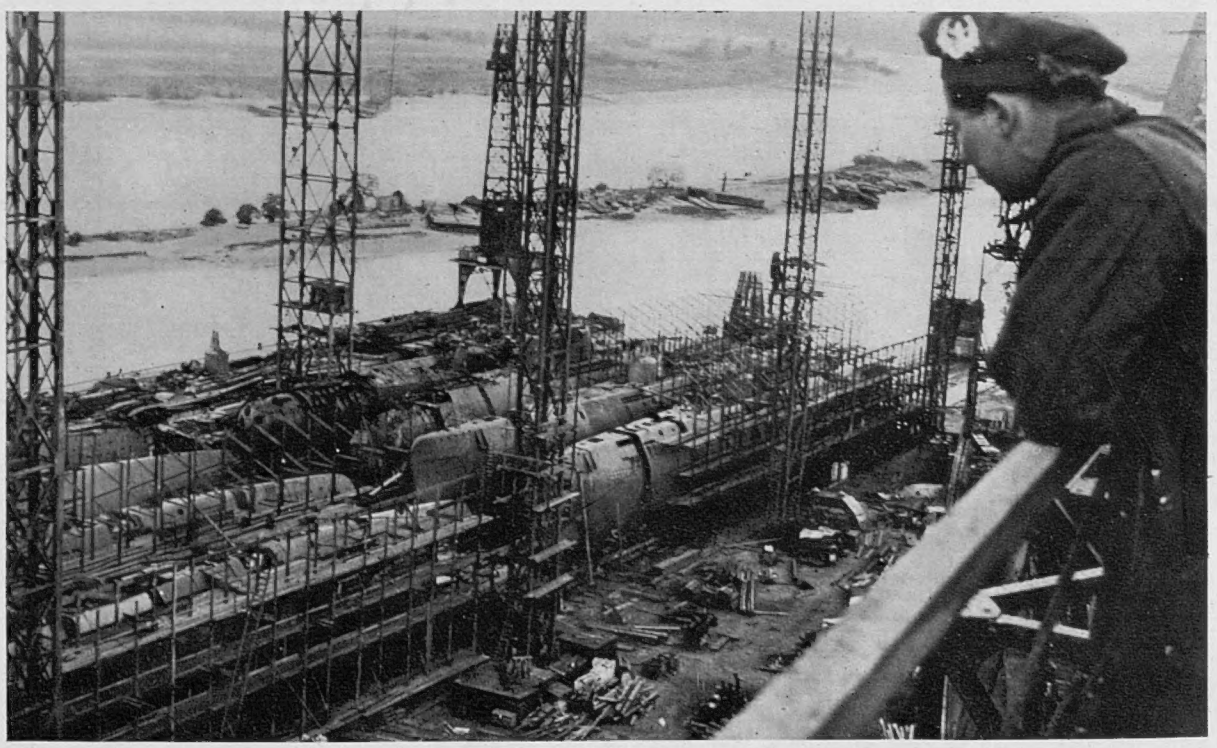
**THIS WAS THE CRADLE OF NAZISM : THE BROWN HOUSE AT MUNICH IN RUINS after Allied bombing attacks. It was from here that the vast and monstrous Nazi regime was created, and for countless Germans it was the very symbol of Faith. It was discovered in this pitiable condition after the entry of the U.S. Seventh Army :** Munich has fallen. Hitler's sacred city, scene of the abortive putsch of 1923 and the cradle of Nazism, is now in Allied hands and partly in ruins. As the men of General Patch's U.S. Seventh Army marched through the city they saw the beer cellar and the braunhaus, so recently the supreme symbols of Hitler's black regime, now battered relics. The Brown House was the headquarters of the Nazi Party, so-called from the colour of the stone of which it was built. The Burger Brau Keller was the scene of the bomb plot on Hitler's life in the year 1939 and the historic cradle of Nazism

**HITLER'S FAMOUS BEER CELLAR AS IT IS TO-DAY : It was here that Hitler reorganised the Nazi Party in 1925, and it was also the scene of the bomb plot on his life in November 1939. This was one of the historic cradles of Nazism**

**DACHAU, MOST INFAMOUS CAMP OF ALL, IS FREED : Prisoners at the electric fence cheer their American liberators**

**SUCH IS THE STATE OF THE WEHRMACHT that this German garrison near Lubeck surrendered meekly to the British : After handing in their rifles they formed up in the barrack square waiting to be taken to the P.O.W. cages.** In the town of Ratzeburg, captured on May 2 by the British 5th Division, there is a military barracks. The town was captured intact, without a shot being fired. After its capture, several soldiers looking round the town strolled into the barracks ; to their surprise they found it full of German soldiers. On being ordered to surrender, the Nazis meekly piled their arms against the wall and formed up on the barrack square. Such is the state of the Wehrmacht on this front

**AT DACHAU, the prisoners watch the body of an S.S. man being dragged out of the moat after he had been shot by internees as a measure of revenge.** Scenes of appalling horror were witnessed by the American troops as they went from building to building. Thousands of starved corpses were piled nearly to the roof awaiting cremation, and thousands of those who still survived went crazy with joy. Many of the prisoners immediately seized their S.S. torturers and killed them, throwing their bodies into the moat surrounding the camp. It was here that the brutal methods used in all other German camps were first instituted and here that all camp guards were trained



**GERMANY'S SECOND LARGEST PORT FALLS INTO BRITISH HANDS. The much-bombed city of Bremen and some of the big U-boats captured with it :** Bremen was taken by the 52nd Lowland Division of the Second Army. It was finally cleared of all enemy units by April 28. At least sixteen ocean-going U-boats of larger size were found intact in its docks ; others were found almost in a state of completion, together with many prefabricated parts. The R.A.F. had prevented the final assembly of the latter, and the damage in many sections of the dockyard is severe. Here is a row of the partly-completed craft

**FOUR OF THE MORE STRIKING PICTURES OF ADOLF HITLER WHICH WERE SOLD THROUGHOUT THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF GERMANY.** The two on the left were taken before his accession to power in 1933 : the two on the right show him as he later became known to the world as Chancellor and Führer. All were taken by the photographer Hoffmann, of Munich, who became Hitler's official photographer, and who made a considerable fortune out of the sale of his pictures

# THE END OF THE NAZI FÜHRER

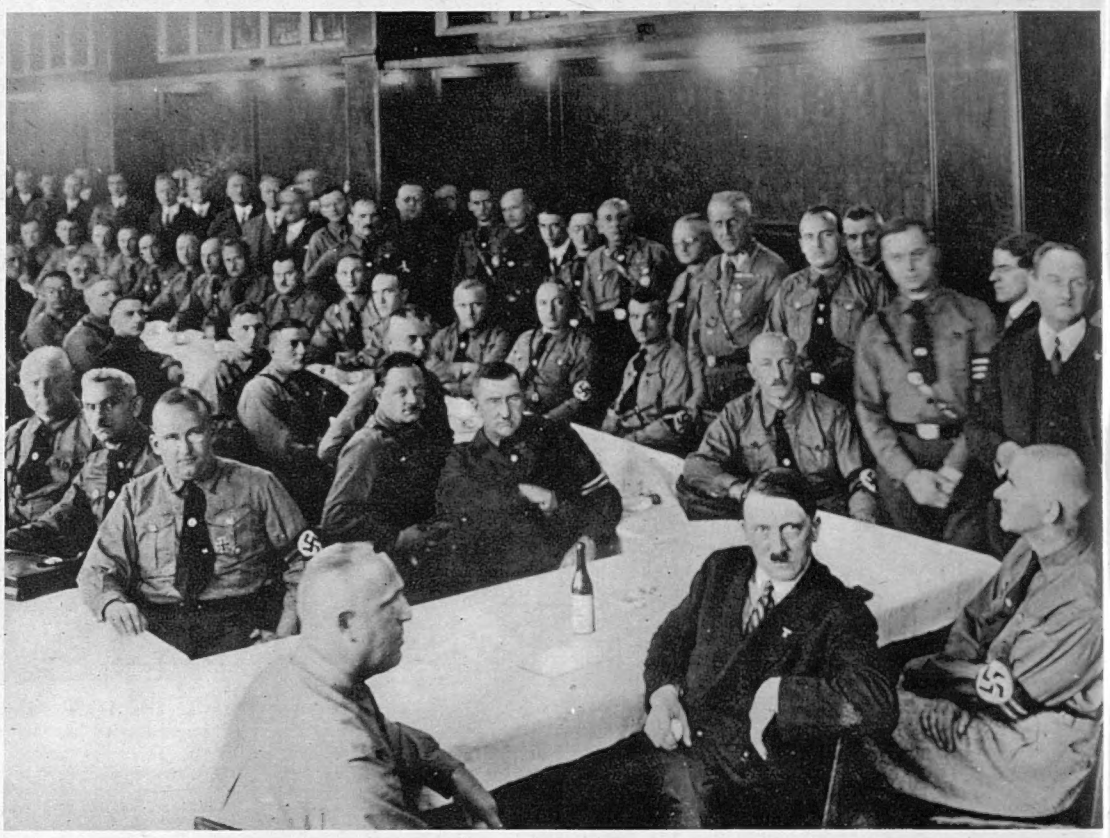
## The Later Years of Adolf Hitler Shown in a Series of Contemporary News-Pictures

The death of Hitler was announced on the German radio by Grand Admiral Dönitz, his successor, on the night of May 1. It was stated that he had "fallen at his Command Post in the Reich Chancellery fighting to the last breath against Bolshevism." Thus ends the career of the house-painter who rose to absolute power and who, for years, terrorised large areas of Europe. Few men have wrought more misery and human suffering.

Hitler was 56 years of age : he was born in Austria. After the last war, his first attempt to seize power in 1923 met with failure ; but in January 1933 he became Reich Chancellor, and on the death of Hindenburg his power became limitless throughout Germany.

The pictures reproduced on these pages give some of the high lights of the late Dictator's career during recent years

**THE EVER-OPEN MOUTH : The ranting Führer, on whose words Europe hung for some years before the war. Many of his speeches were made at the week-ends and all were full of wrath and thundering denunciation**



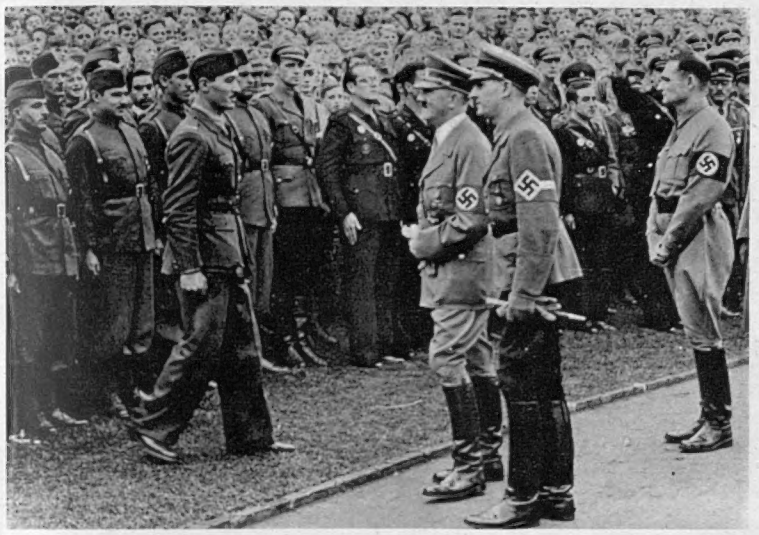
**BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE REICHSTAG IN 1930 : Hitler as the Leader of the National Socialist Party, with other Nazi representatives in the Fifth Republican Reichstag, in Berlin in October of that year. Dr. Bruning (still alive in England) was then Chancellor, but the economic crisis in Germany had resulted in 107 Nazi deputies being returned at the elections. Many of the men seen in this picture later received high office throughout Germany, after Hitler had become Führer. In those days he usually wore civilian clothes instead of the uniform he later adopted**

**AFTER THE ANNEXATION OF AUSTRIA IN 1938 : Talking to Dr. Seyss-Inquart in Vienna after his visit to the Austrian capital.** Seyss-Inquart, last Chancellor of the country, had betrayed Dr. Schussnig and was appointed by Hitler Governor of the country. Later he was sent to Holland and became infamous for his repressions and brutality. Hitler had just made a speech to the Viennese when this picture was taken, after having been absent from the country of his birth for 25 years

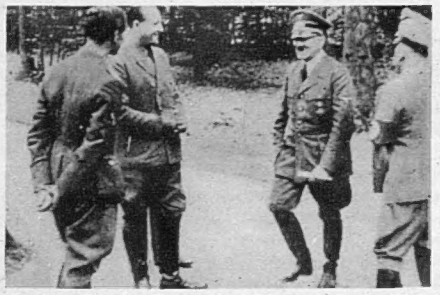
**AFTER THE INVASION OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN 1939 : The conference in the Hradcany Castle at Prague.** After announcing that the whole of the Czech territory occupied by the German Army was to become part of Greater Germany, Hitler appeared on the balcony of the castle and was cheered by thousands of the German residents in Prague. Meanwhile, the Gestapo, of which Himmler (with glasses on left) was head, was busy rounding up all "suspects." This was the outcome of the Sudeten question

**HOW THE SUDETEN GERMANS IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA AWAITED THE OCCUPATION IN MARCH 1939 :** There was a great run on the shops for Swastika flags and portraits of the Führer : every German in Czech territory wanted to decorate his house for the arrival of the troops of invasion. For many years past, towns and villages in Germany itself had been decorated in like fashion

**THE FÜHRER IN HIS BERCHTESGADEN RETREAT just before the arrival of Mr. Neville Chamberlain in September 1938 :** Hitler (wearing a now unfamiliar lounge suit) is here dictating to a secretary in the study of his famous châlet just before Mr. Chamberlain's visit to discuss European affairs. A few months later, and Czechoslovakia had been added to Hitler's list of bloodless victories—in defiance of the whole of Europe

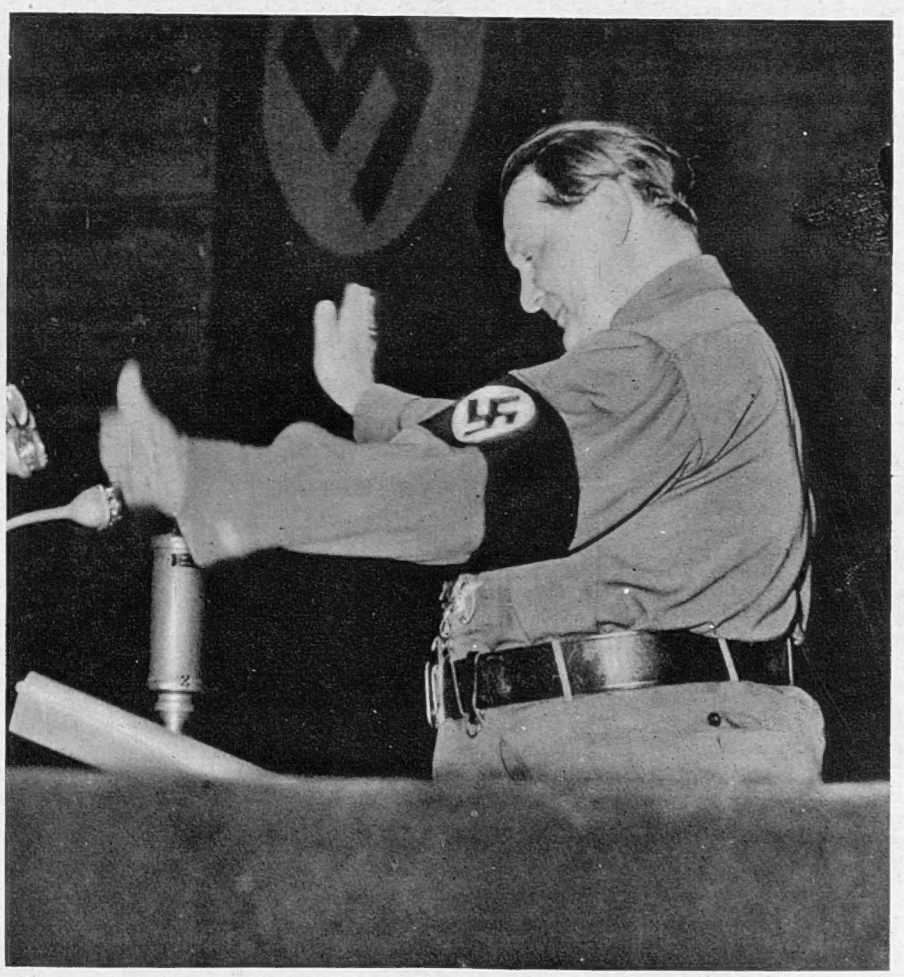


**THE TWO LEADING NAZIS IN NUREMBERG greeting a deputation of Spanish Nationalists :** This was one of the mass occasions which the Nazis loved. Of the two chief characters in this demonstration, Hitler is now dead and Rudolf Hess, Nazi No. 3 (on right) is a lunatic under detention in Britain



**TWO PICTURES WHICH WENT ROUND THE WORLD IN JUNE 1940 : The absurd "war dance" which Hitler performed when the news was brought to him of the Fall of France. These two pictures were part of a set which were widely circulated and which showed ungainliness of the Führer in moments of ecstasy**

**NAZI NUMBER 2, NOW ALSO VANISHED FROM THE POLITICAL SCENE IN GERMANY :** This comic picture was taken in 1935 at the Seventh Nazi Rally held in Nuremberg. General Göring (he was not then a Marshal) is here shaking hands with one of the Nazi "standard-bearers." Of immense girth and great vanity, Göring "resigned" a few weeks ago. What has happened to him since has been the subject of many wild speculations and it is still, at the moment of writing, a matter of conjecture



**GÖRING IN TYPICAL ATTITUDE DURING A SPEECH TO THE VIENNESE :** Twenty thousand people heard the Field-Marshal make this speech in March 1938 in the disused North-West Railway Station in Vienna. With typical arrogance, he said that Germany was respected, though she was not loved by the other Powers. Göring did not forget to mention the Jews, and said that Austria's Jewish population of 300,000 must be driven out. He did *not* mention, however, that most of the poor unfortunates would eventually find their way into such horror camps as Buchenwald and Belsen

# The GERMANS UNDER RUSSIAN OCCUPATION

## The Russian Way of Utilising Local German Co-operation in the Territory They Have Captured East of the Elbe

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE dispatch with which S.H.A.E.F. correspondents were ushered back across the Elbe after being allowed to celebrate with the Red Army, was in harmony with the banning of foreign observers from the forward zones ever since 1941. In this case the need for special security was stressed, amid uncontrollable mass migration of friend and foe.

Some see in the sustained Soviet dim-out a lack of complete trust in "capitalist" Allies. More likely does it suggest that the Russians have come to the conclusion that it pays not to publicise, or, at any rate, not to draw attention to their aims, methods and policies in occupied territories. They like to lead up to the *fait accompli* without having to proffer tortuous explanations on the way, such as may be rendered necessary through being observed from too close at hand.

Nevertheless, the shape of the Russian Occupation begins to be discerned. It will be the exact opposite, as regards aim, from the last time the Russians sojourned in the German land. On that occasion—1760—they were willing to be bought out of the country for a mere—even then—£225,000. On this occasion it is clear that their intention is to forge a lasting link with Germans up to the Elbe, before they will even think of unloosening their hold. A link with the vanquished, of the same basic description that Bismarck forged with Austria, to the greater German strength.

The coming event first cast its shadow before as far back as the autumn of 1942, when things were at their worst at Stalingrad, and when Stalin made one of his rare speeches, in the course of which he declared, to the general surprise, that he did not intend to break Germany. "You cannot destroy Germany or the German people," he said, "any more than you can destroy Russia or the Russian people. It isn't our aim to destroy every organised military force in Germany, for this would not be useful even from the standpoint of the victorious nations. But what we can and shall destroy is Hitler's army."

Six or seven months afterwards, in that first blithe springtime of the war, 1943, there came a sequel when onlookers were even more surprised to hear of captured German Generals speaking against Hitler, on the Moscow radio. To begin with, Seydlitz and Daniels; finally, Paulus.

There were various guesses as to what lay behind this "Free Germany" movement, supremely unexpected, coming from such a quarter. Some said that the Russians had got their famous dope working again—the same that was supposed to have made their Fifth Columnists beat their breasts in abject *mea culpa* in open court. Another view had it that Stalin intended to outdo Hitler at his own game by sending a German spearhead army into the Reich when the appropriate moment came. A less sensational reading held that it was just first-rate propaganda aimed at upsetting the enemy, and that Stalin would drop the radio Generals, and possibly arraign them as war criminals just the same, once they had served their purpose.

It now appears that Stalin had his eye all the time on the future occupation of Germany, and that the "organised military force" which he planned to conserve was to take the form of a German policing and administrative militia. Out of the hundreds of thousands of German prisoners was combed all sorts of material deemed worth taking a chance on, and already a part of this militia, largely of officer origin, is at work.

Special groups of "Free Germans" have, we are told, been organised on a functional and geographical basis, and their acquaintance with local conditions and readiness to co-operate are proving of the greatest value to the Russian counterpart of our A.M.G. The groups are composed of officers, clergymen, Communists, technicians, propagandists and trained administrators, and with these cadres on hand the Russians are usually able to dispense with local officials who had served on the Nazi pay-roll. Expediency being so often the mother of results, the Russians, who so lately ran an anti-God movement, are giving the freest rein to the religious side, and Germans are being copiously told by Germans that the Fatherland is only reaping the fruit of abandoning God and the Christian faith.

The telling is through loudspeakers in every German town and village, and as it is mingled with the only news the Germans get, their wireless-sets having been confiscated, the blaring drums home on a par with what used to go on hour after hour in Allied prisoner-of-war camps.

In writing of the Elbe as probable demarcation line back in December 1943, I see I rather welcomed the notion. "The Elbe cuts off the old bellicose feudal Prussia from the rest of Germany. Part of Saxony, and Silesia, would also be in the Russian zone, but the main thing would be that the Russians would relieve us of the task of re-educating the principal Herrenvolk maniacs—the Prussians. True, Berlin would be in the Russian zone, but there is nothing to stop the Allies ruling jointly from somewhere near the ruins of the capital. And as for the objection that the Russians would bolshevise the Prussians, there will be that chance wherever the Red Army goes in Germany."

That particular piece of crystal-gazing, or deduction, continued: "The Russians will have different ideas of occupation from others of us. They are unlikely to stay awake planning what to teach German children. Their re-education is more likely to take the form of mobilising German sinews and skill." This seems to be working out only half-true, inasmuch as Communists are being placed at the Ministries of the Interior and Education, which most form the juvenile mind. As in Austria, this policy is a certainty in the Russian zone in Germany.

All the same, the accent is very much on getting Germans down to work at once, alike in their own interests—to avoid famine and pestilence—and to suit their new masters. Germans are being conscripted for work on the land, while being told they will be treated as ordinary human beings, paid, and allowed a strictly-localised liberty provided they do the job thoroughly and no tricks.

The Russians are lucky in that the east is less destroyed than the west, and nowhere is this more beneficial to our Allies than in the great industrial centres of Upper Silesia. Most of the furnaces and factories are functioning at full-tilt on the strength of huge stocks of raw materials which were left intact by the decamping Nazis. On a wider view, the Russians say that, thanks to their planned economy, they can take indefinitely everything that crippled German industry is capable of giving them, and, in addition, use as many Germans on plants inside the U.S.S.R. as are able to deliver the goods.

While the uprooted Poles are being given priority "up to the Oder and the Neisse," more especially in East Prussia and Pomerania, there should be quite a tidy lot of land over for the German peasants by reason of the policy of breaking up the notorious Junker estates, and one way and the other a new sort of German community may be the outcome of the Russian labour scheme laid down for the Occupation east of the Elbe. If there was any doubt about the Russians' intention to control their feelings so as to get the most out of the Germans now and make tolerably sure of them as co-operating neighbours to-morrow, it was dispelled by the sharp slap administered to Ilya Ehrenburg for describing all Germans as a "colossal gang."

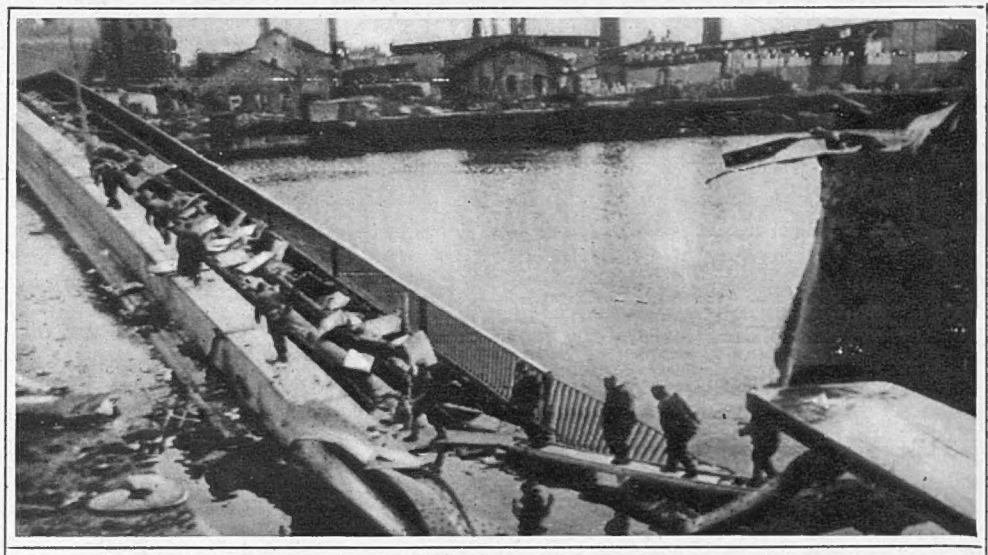
"The Soviet people never identified the population of Germany with the criminal Fascist clique," went forth the fiat from Alexandrov, chief of the Russian Communist Party's propaganda.

Yet this readiness to recognise two breeds of Germans, inevitably tending to set the working-class and peasants apart from the rest, does not, apparently, in any way cause the Russians to forget. While armies in the west debate on the ethics of fraternisation, the matter simply does not arise east of the Elbe. Say Red Army men: "We have no rule against fraternising with Germans. The Germans are not the sort of persons that our troops want to fraternise with, anyway, so we don't see any need to make rules against it."

Which may be read beside the self-searching of a young Englishman, in a letter home: "Most [of the civilians] appear on the surface to be really nice people, and it is very difficult to register the proper emotions towards them. Of course, I believe they were all quite happy with the regime while things were going well, and at least shut their eyes to the general wickedness. The whole problem is difficult. The men of the S.S. and Hitler Youth, etc., all come from these families obviously. I must try to straighten it out in my mind."

Apart from the presence of friendly Poles resettling up and down the regions east of the Elbe, the Red Army appears to have evolved a very new-style *vivandière*—not carrying brandy but heaps of efficiency and goodwill—who may go a long way towards filling that social gap which threatens in the West under a strict no-fraternisation order. At Torgau, S.H.A.E.F. correspondents had an eye-opener. "One minute a combat girl would be whirling in a waltz with a General. Next she would be serving ham and onions to a Russian private." During a luncheon to General Hodges, "Russian Army blondes sang and danced."

So far as I can determine, the Western Allies will have twice as many Germans under them as the Russians east of the Elbe. If the Big Three are intentionally steering towards a coming-apart of the ex-Reich in spheres, the sooner Britain and America make it really a Big Four, bringing France right in, instead of edging her off, as at Stuttgart, the brighter should be our chances of making up some of the leeway already dividing us from the Russians.



**THE BATTLE OF BERLIN: Red Army men crossing the River Spree: this bridge had only partially been demolished by the Germans in their retreat towards the centre of the city. It was finally surrendered to the Red Army on May 2**

**INSIDE THE CAPITAL: A column of Soviet tanks rumbling down one of the main thoroughfares of Berlin through flame and smoke from the burning buildings. In the left foreground can be seen steel helmets and other equipment abandoned by the Nazi defenders**

# The Fall of the GERMAN CAPITAL

On Wednesday, May 2

Radio Pictures from Moscow Showing the Last Stages in the Fighting for Berlin

ON THE ROAD TO BERLIN: Russian tanks move up through the outlying villages towards the heart of the Reich, accompanied by lorry-loads of Red Army infantry. When near the city, columns swung round in all directions to encircle the capital and to cut off all the Nazi lines of retreat

SOVIET TROOPS ON THE MARCH: They are here seen moving up in vast numbers, on foot, in armoured carriers, in lorries and in horsed vehicles. Their arms are rifles and machine-guns

AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY: Colonel Kuznetsov's artillerymen at their firing position in a Berlin suburb. The big piece of ordnance is mounted on caterpillar tracks and has a massive recoil apparatus

IN THE SHATTERED FACTORY AREA OF BERLIN, ON THE RIVER SPREE, Red Army signalmen work under fire to carry a field-telephone line across a wrecked bridge. In the distance are buildings shattered by artillery-fire

NOON IN BERLIN: Red Army artillery and ammunition roll along a deserted street towards the centre of the city. Note the absence of windows in the houses and the debris on the street pavements

BEFORE THE FINAL ASSAULT: Colonel-General Katukov (on right), Commander of the Red Army tank formation, whose men were the first to break into the German capital. Note the eleven Government Orders on the General's breast

WHEN THE AMERICAN AND RUSSIAN ARMIES MET: A friendly chat between the officers. At two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, May 2, the capital of the German Reich and "the heart of German aggression" surrendered to the Red Army. The Nazis said that Berlin would never surrender, and that Hitler would lead the resistance himself. Now Hitler is dead, and Berlin is in Russian hands, after a bitter struggle in which the Germans resisted within the city street by street and building by building. With the collapse, the Russians were able to announce the capture of a number of highly-placed Nazis, as well as great numbers of German soldiers

**THE PRICE OF VICTORY IN THE PACIFIC WAR: THE AMERICAN ESCORT CARRIER "BISMARCK SEA" SUNK BY THE JAPANESE OFF IWO-JIMA ON FEBRUARY 21. She was attacked by sixty-eight Japanese aircraft during the invasion of the island and was set on fire: a quarter of her crew went down with the ship**—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

**IN FAR EASTERN WATERS: A BRITISH DESTROYER OVERHAULS ANOTHER WARSHIP TO PASS A WRITTEN MESSAGE AT HIGH SPEED: the letter is contained in the metal canister seen on the deck in the foreground**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell.* There are occasions at sea when it is necessary to pass a message in writing from one ship to another. It is not necessary for ships to stop to do this. The two ships close and a line is passed to which is secured a message in a soldered metal container. The drawing above shows a destroyer overhauling another ship to take the message. A seaman stands ready with the "heavy line" to which the container is made fast. As the vessels close, he throws it with the skill of long practice. It is caught and the message hauled across, and the vessels stand on their respective courses again

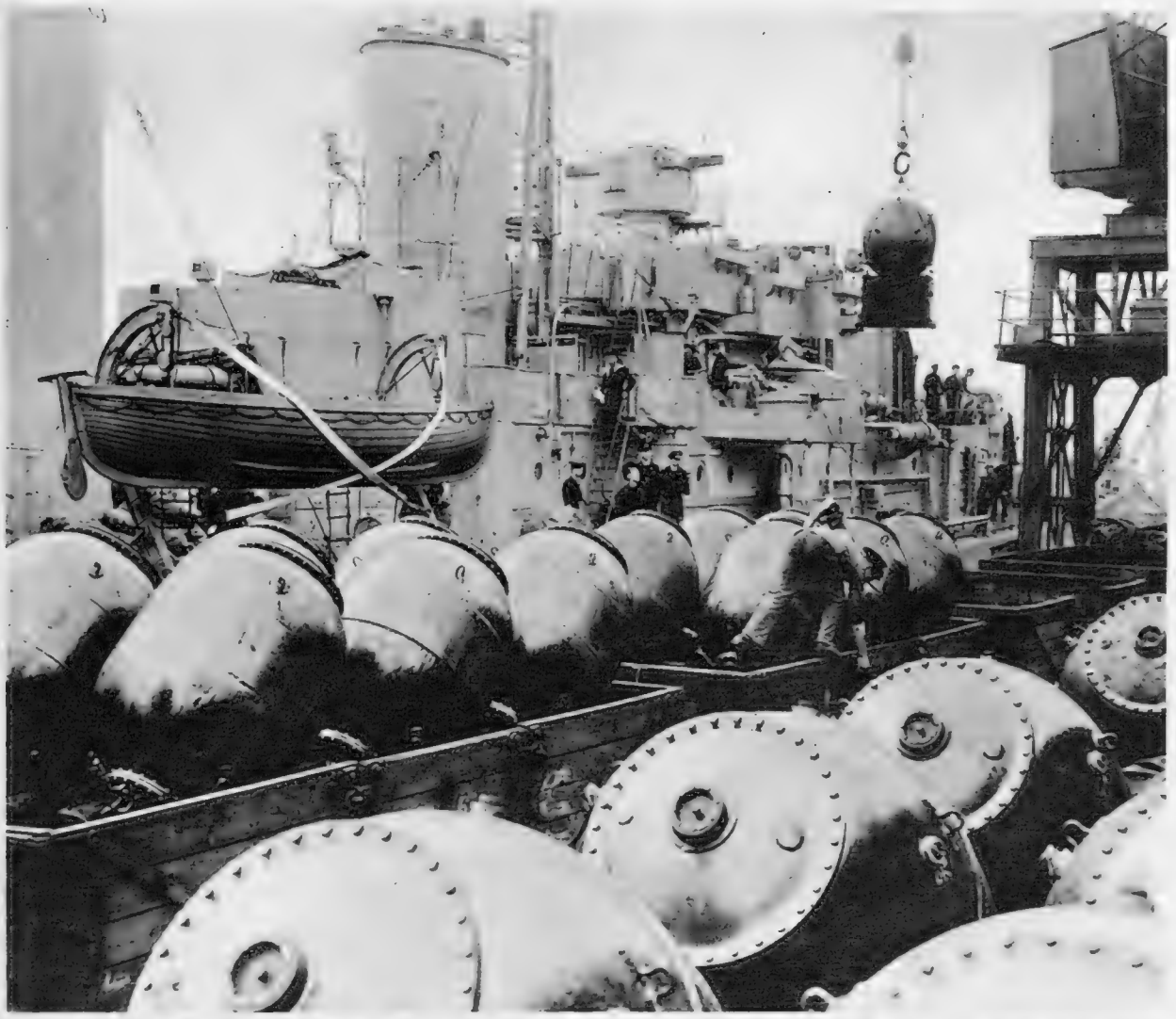
## NAVAL PICTURES from the FAR EAST

**Scenes During the Campaign Against the Japs, Depicted in Special *Sphere* Drawings**

The *Bismarck Sea* was one of the American ships built by Henry Kaiser; she was commissioned only last year. On March 15 it was announced from Iwo-Jima that the vessel had been sunk off that island during the invasion on February 21. Of her crew, the commanding officer and three-quarters out of a complement of 1,500 were saved, although the enemy machine-gunned the survivors as they were struggling in the water.

The ship was attacked by sixty-eight airplanes, of which one was shot down by the carrier's guns. Fires were started on board, but were got under control by the hangar sprinkler system. Two minutes later, however, there was a series of explosions. The ship's fire-mains went off, and the fire crept towards the bomb storage. Soon the vessel was a mass of flames.

The captain, Commander John L. Pratt, gave the order to abandon ship. "I had no trouble in making the decision," he said. "It was a question of saving men's lives."



**THE "RACEHORSE OF THE NAVY" IN ACTION ONCE AGAIN: SHE IS H.M.S. "MANXMAN," A MINELAYER WHICH HAS SEEN SERVICE FROM THE ARCTIC TO THE INDIAN OCEAN: here she is loading mines from the quayside**

*Below*—Japanese suicide boats have attempted a surprise attack on U.S. ships lying off Naha, capital of Okinawa. Between twelve and fifteen boats, creeping from hide-outs round the coast, took part in the attack, which was made in darkness. Guns of U.S. destroyers opened up on the force, and some of the Japanese then took to rafts and canoes and blew themselves to bits with hand grenades. Five boats were destroyed and an unknown number of Japanese killed

The minelayer *Manxman* has been called "the fastest ship in the Royal Navy." She is now in action again, and Captain G. Thistleton-Smith, G.M., her commander, hopes to lay the last mine in European waters. Over 400 ft. long, with a speed equal to that of a modern battle-cruiser, *Manxman* has sailed from the Arctic to the Indian Ocean since she was commissioned, with three sister-ships, in 1941. Carrying out their dangerous tasks, all became casualties; H.M.S. *Manxman* limped to port after being torpedoed in the engine-room. At one time she was the only ship able to run supplies to blockaded Malta and Tobruk. She is a vessel of 2,650 tons displacement, and her official speed is 40 knots. She is armed with six 4·7-in. guns

**JAPANESE "SUICIDE" CRAFT AT OKINAWA MAKE A SURPRISE ATTACK ON AMERICAN VESSELS LYING OFF NAHA, THE CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND. The scene as a force of a dozen small boats launched their attack in the darkness. When the American destroyers opened fire, some of the Japs then took to rafts and canoes or blew themselves up with hand grenades**—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell* (*See note above*)

# Dramatic ACTION - PICTURES from the PACIFIC

**THE ACTUAL CAPTURE OF YONTAN AIRFIELD, ON OKINAWA ISLAND, on the opening day of the assault in the Ryukyus :** In this aerial view American tanks can be seen sweeping across the field, whilst American gunners are already manning the captured anti-aircraft installations. From a military point of view, the Yontan airfield was one of the salient objectives in the Ryukyus : it is only a mile from the coast of Okinawa Island and the longest of its three coral airstrips. It has a length of 5,100 ft., and stands on high ground, with good drainage. It was taken by Marines and infantry of the newly-formed U.S. Tenth Army on April 1

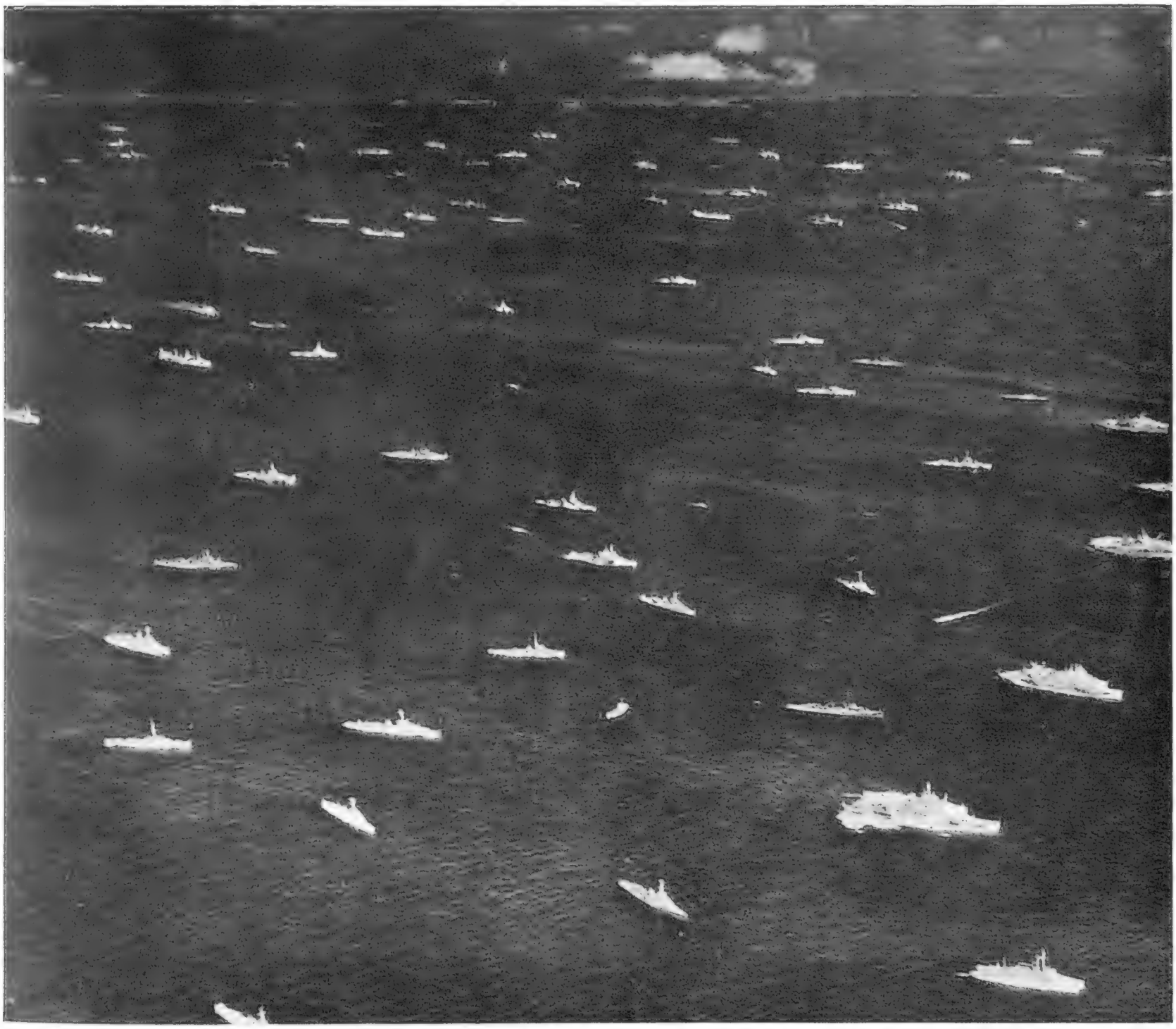
**JUST BEFORE THE JAP WARSHIP SEEN ON THE RIGHT WAS SUNK :** Caught in the China Sea on April 6, this Jap warship was attacked by an American B-25 Mitchell bomber. The ship was one of two of the same type sunk by B-25s on that same day. The plane's bomb-bays are still open in our picture

**A JAP SUBMARINE AND M.T.B. BASE BLASTED ON OKINAWA :** Hidden away in a sheltered cove on the island, this midget-submarine base was discovered by low-flying carrier-based planes of the U.S. Pacific Fleet. Anchored in the cove is a Jap "sea-truck" which was almost hit by a bomb from one of the naval planes : a circle of foaming water can be seen to its right. Submarines are seen in the foreground, and several M.T.B.s covered with palm leaves are tied up at right-angles to them

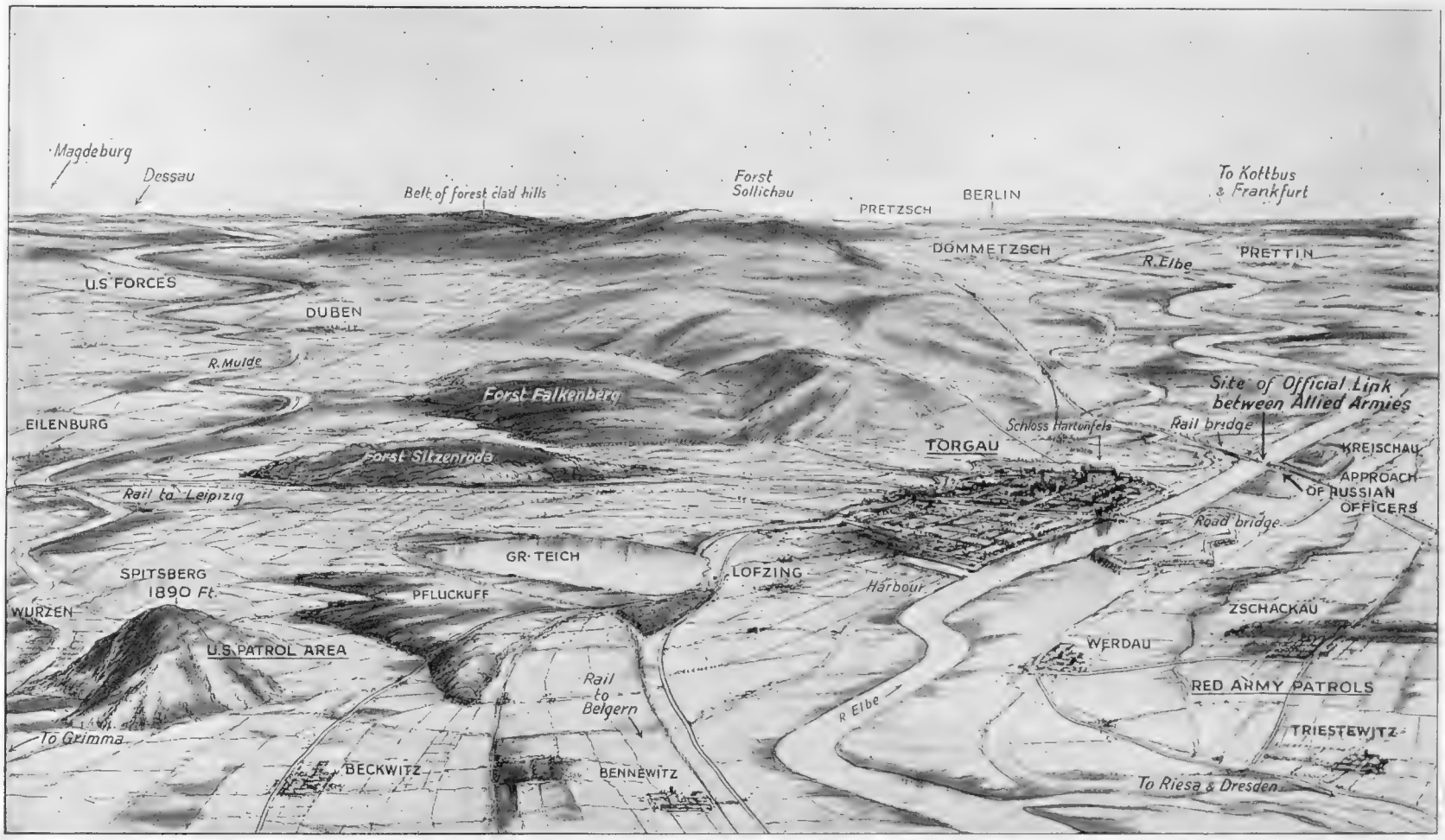
**AMERICAN TROOPS MOVE INLAND ON OKINAWA :** Surprisingly different from earlier tropical shores in the Pacific, Okinawa is dotted with scrubby fir-trees and limestone hills dotted with caves. Here American infantrymen are seen approaching a hill, their rifles at the ready, to deal with Japanese snipers hiding amongst the caves and crags. Only 325 miles from Japan itself, Okinawa has the vegetation of a temperate climate along its shores. Inland the going becomes very rugged. During the first days of the invasion, Jap resistance on the island was slight : today, however, the Americans are being resisted bitterly

**THE END OF A JAPANESE "SUICIDE" PLANE AFTER AN ABORTIVE ATTEMPT ON AN AMERICAN CARRIER ON PATROL IN THE WESTERN PACIFIC : With its port engine ablaze, the Jap twin-engined bomber starts to roll over on to its back as it comes under the fire of the starboard batteries of a small aircraft-carrier, after passing through the barrage put up by American escort vessels. The Jap had tried to crash on to the deck of the carrier, but was beaten off by the hail of gunfire. A few seconds after this picture was taken, the plane plunged to its death close to the vessel it had chosen for its victim**

ONE OF THE MOST TELLING PICTURES OF THE NAVAL WAR IN THE PACIFIC: The scene is packed with drama. With the heads of some of the members of the crew bobbing in the sea around her and others clinging desperately to the sides of the battered hulk, a Japanese escort vessel is here seen lying on her side a few moments before she went to the bottom off the China coast near Amoy. She was attacked (with other vessels) by aircraft of the U.S. Fifth Air Force during the course of a highly successful operation. Shortly after this picture was taken, the vessel plunged to her doom. The losses suffered by the Jap Navy in attacks such as this have been enormous



A HUGE "TASK FORCE" GATHERS IN A PACIFIC HARBOUR FOR FURTHER OPERATIONS AGAINST THE JAPANESE: Looking like tiny models in this aerial view, ships of an American force lie at anchor awaiting their next onslaught against the enemy. The array includes nearly every type of combat ship needed for the invasion of the Japanese islands: in the foreground are destroyers and destroyer escorts; to the right are transports. Also included in the picture are tankers, Essex class aircraft-carriers, Independence class light cruisers, and a number of cargo-ships. Mighty gatherings like this bode ill for the Japanese!




**THE LINK-UP OF THE WESTERN AND EASTERN ARMIES AT THE BRIDGE OVER THE ELBE AT TORGAU : A diagram-drawing showing the region where the union took place, with the U.S. "patrol area" around Wurzen**

*—Drawing by Percy Horne*

## The SPLITTING of the REICH

### After the American-Russian Link-up And the Isolation of the Bavarian "Redoubt" Region

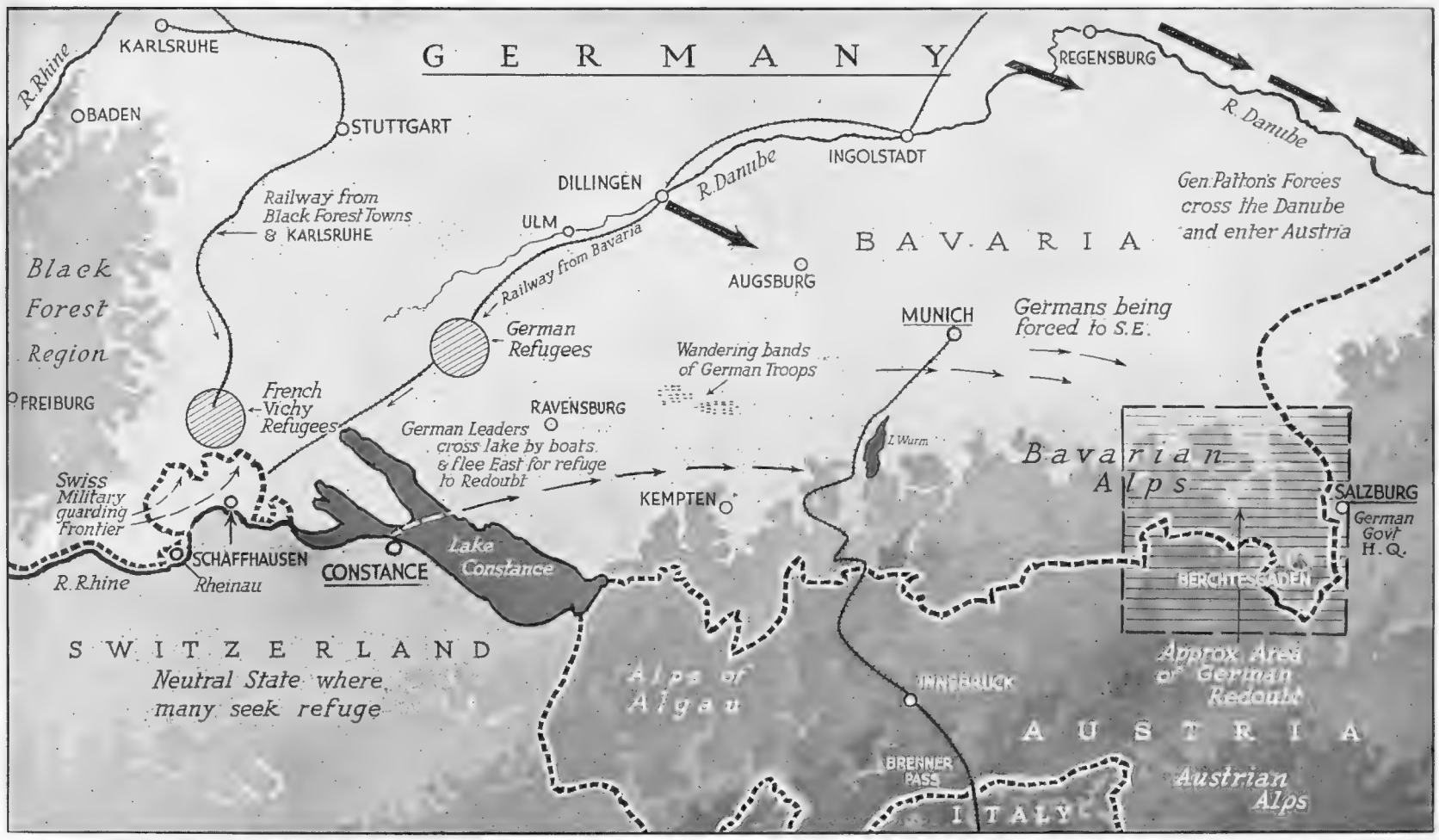
*—Special Sphere Drawings and Maps*

The official junction between the 69th Division of the American First Army and the 58th Guards Division of the Russian First Ukrainian Command took place at Torgau on the Elbe, 30 miles north-east of Leipzig, at 4.40 p.m. on Wednesday, April 25. Major-General F. E. Reinhardt, commanding the American 69th Division, then crossed the Elbe and met the Russian commander.

The meeting took place on the broken railway bridge just outside the town, the Russians approaching from the east and the representatives of the Allied armies from the west by way of Torgau itself. As shown in the above drawing, Torgau lies on the left bank of the River Elbe, with Leipzig away back on the west and Dresden ahead on the right. It is notable as possessing the huge Hartenfels Castle, possibly the biggest building of its type in Germany.

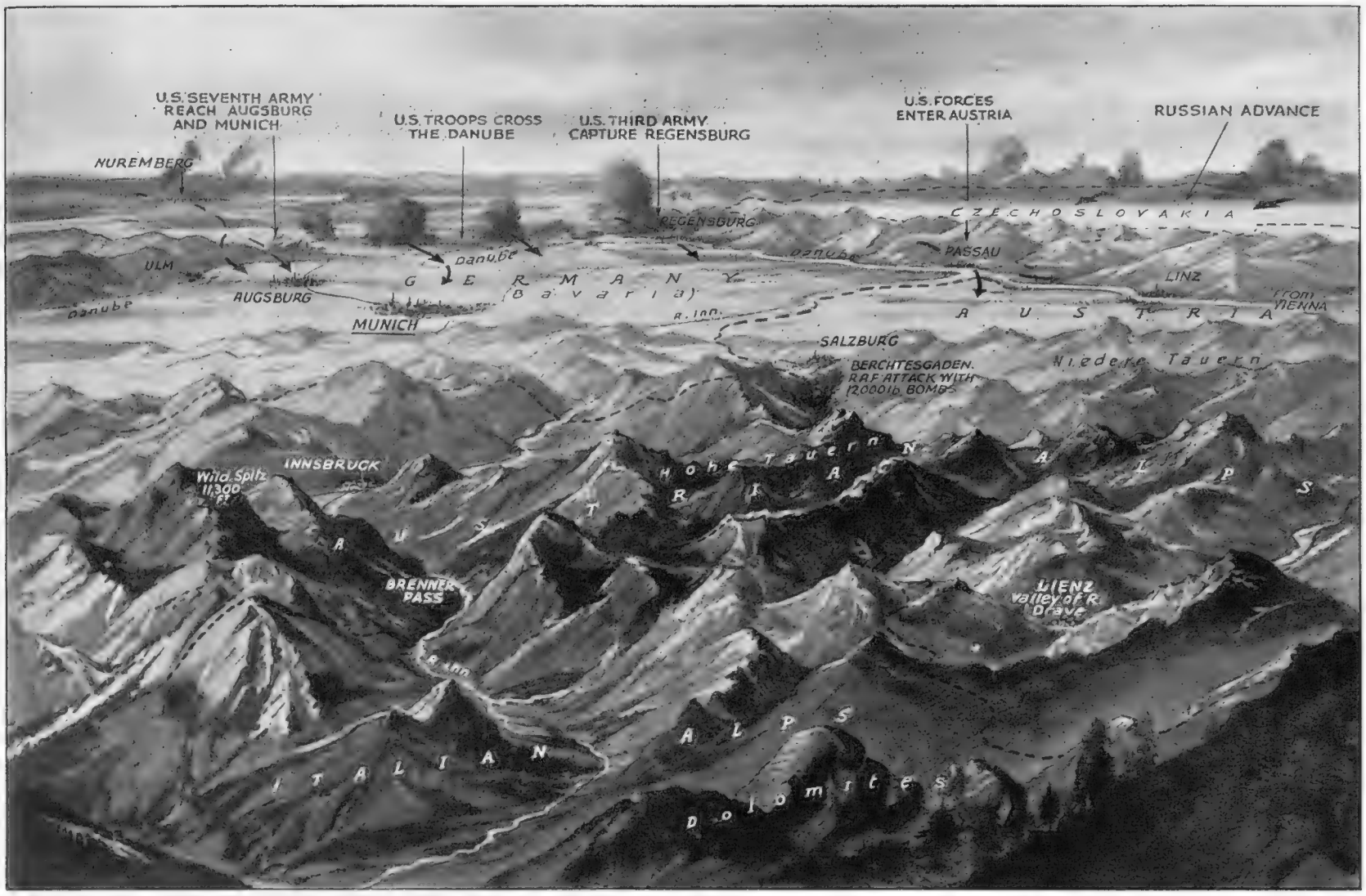
It was here that Frederick the Great snatched a hairbreadth victory over the Austrians in 1760. The King composed the Torgauer march in honour of the victory.

The U.S. forces and correspondents were lined up in the neighbourhood of Wurzen, on the Mulde River, waiting for the approach of the Russians. It was in the intervening "no man's land" between the Mulde and the Elbe at Torgau that the unofficial contacts had earlier been made by junior officers, who encountered Russian patrols working westwards.




**THE FLIGHT OF THE NAZIS TOWARDS THE SWISS FRONTIER AT SCHAFFHAUSEN, AND THE ALLIED ENCIRCLEMENT OF THE BAVARIAN "REDOUBT"**

Crowds of Germans, and others, are thronging the roads leading southward from Germany towards the "Enclave" at Schaffhausen, where Switzerland juts out into Germany to the west of Lake Constance. Nazi war criminals, Party leaders and refugees from the former Vichy Government have all been trying to cross into neutral territory—so far without result. At the same time, Germans from the town of Constance (German territory jutting into Switzerland) have been crossing the Lake trying to reach the "Redoubt" before it is too late. Here and there are bands of German soldiers wandering about the country hardly knowing where to seek refuge. The whole region is filled with refugees, whilst Allied armies crowd in on them from all sides




**A RING OF FIRE AROUND THE BAVARIAN "REDOUBT": The advance of two American armies on the northern frontiers of Bavaria, and the penetration of the Allies towards Austria for another possible link-up with the Russians advancing from Vienna. To the south of this region lie the inhospitable mountain areas leading down to the Brenner Pass and into Italy**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

**A KEY MAP SHOWING HOW THE LINK-UP TOOK PLACE and the advance of the Americans through Bavaria to the Danube and beyond. The German Reich has now been cut into two distinct regions**

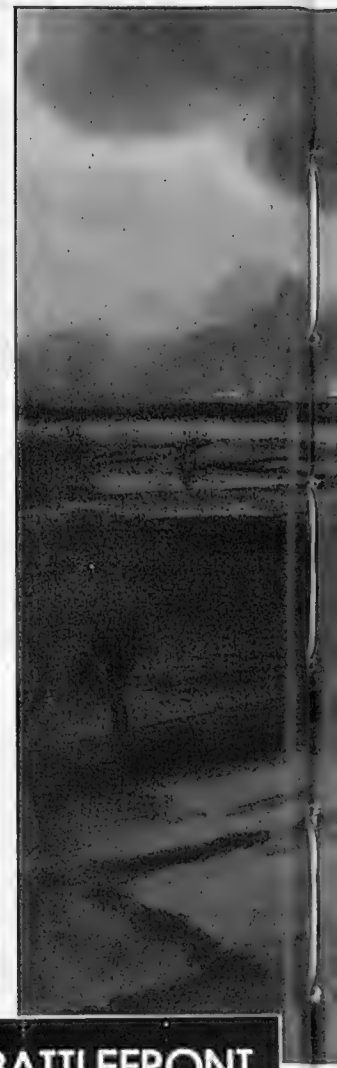
**The approach to the Danube:** It became evident in the middle of April that three Allied armies were making an assault upon the much-talked-of "Redoubt" in the Bavarian Alps, where Hitler and the best Nazi troops were told to hold out when all else was lost.

After Nuremberg, "the most German of all cities," fell on Hitler's birthday, April 20, after heavy fighting among the ancient houses of the beautiful old city, the way lay open for General Patch to strike into Bavaria. He turned first to the west, towards Stuttgart, taking Ansbach and Crailsheim on his way.

The French Army was also moving towards Stuttgart, at the same time sending a column south, capturing Tubnigen, advancing to Rothweil and on to the Swiss frontier, rounding up the Nazi forces left in the Black Forest. Another French column captured Freiburg and Sigmaringen, where Petain had been residing. Stuttgart was encircled by the French and the U.S. Seventh Army, and finally captured on April 22, when the French occupied the busy industrial city. From Stuttgart General Patch's forces and the French advanced towards Ulm, which fell to their combined attack on April 24.

While the U.S. Seventh Army and the French were pushing eastward towards Munich, Patton's Third Army had been making a dramatic dash along the eastern frontier towards the Danube. An entry had been made across the Czech frontier and the small town of Asel entered, but for some reason, possibly political, the forces turned back from entering Bohemia which may have been allotted to the operations of the Red Armies It was then that Patton moved rapidly, with tanks and infantry, from the Franconian Alps, along the forest-clad Bohmer Wald towards Regensburg, where the Danube makes a great curving sweep, at the point where it is joined by the River Regen. There was very little opposition till Regensburg was reached. but there the Germans made a stand.

**THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE "REDOUBT" UNDER ATTACK BY THE R.A.F.—a picture taken at Wachenfels, Hitler's mountain hide-out at Berchtesgaden, on April 25:** Here is the famous châlet, with part of the main building destroyed, and both wings—on right and left—severely damaged. The main control centre of the S.S. (in the top left), for the guarding of Obersalzburg, has also been severely damaged



**A STRANGE SITUATION IN WESTERN HOLLAND : German Divisions locked up in this area and cut off from all hope of supply, try to escape across the Zuyder Zee dyke towards Leeuwarden, but are attacked by the R.A.F. Other Germans tried to get out in barges and Dutch sailing craft**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

With the desperate military situation in Germany itself daily growing worse, it was difficult to understand the various enemy activities in North Holland. Here the Nazi Divisions were definitely cut off from the Fatherland except by sea: it was not surprising, therefore, that the R.A.F. observed evidences of a German retreat across the Yssel Meer. Fishing craft and barges were seen making for little ports and loading-places near the eastern extremity of the Yssel Meer causeway, whilst other Germans were withdrawing behind the "Grebe Line" west of Amersfoort, which guards the approach to Amsterdam. An endeavour to flood this area was made by the Nazis, but the water came in slowly: a more serious flooding operation was started in the extreme northern province at the western extremity of the Yssel causeway. The dykes here were broken and water flooded into the low-lying polder land. The above view is taken from the western end of the causeway, with the salt water of the North Sea to the left and the area of the Yssel Meer, which was gradually becoming a fresh-water lake, to the right

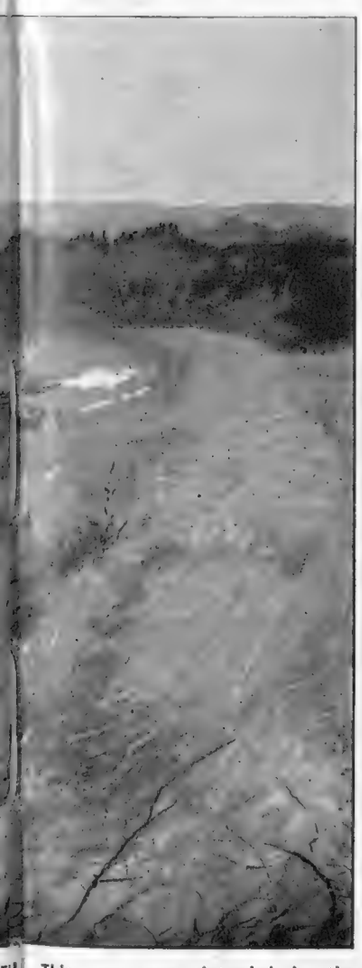
# THE BRITISH BATTLEFRONT IN WESTERN HOLLAND

**And Two Pictures from the Heart of the Reich**—*Drawings by Sphere Artists*

**THE AUTOBAHNS, OR GREAT MOTOR HIGHWAYS, OF GERMANY HAVE PROVED OF VALUE TO THE ALLIED ARMIES DURING THEIR ADVANCE THROUGH THE REICH.** Germans, whose idea was to utilise the great through-ways for the rapid transit of their own military traffic. In this picture, a battery of American field-guns is using autobahns (seen in the background), defending it against a German counter-attack—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

**FURTHER LIGHT ON A GREAT FEAT OF ARMS BY THE BRITISH—THE CAPTURE OF ARNHEM, AND HOW IT WAS CARRIED OUT BY BRITISH AND CANADIAN REGIMENTS. The troops engaged in this operation are here indicated, together with the various points they attacked**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

There was an element of surprise in the first assault on Arnhem on April 12. The enemy expected it on the west of the town. Instead, the Gloucesters crossed the Yssel in "buffaloes" at a point south-east of the main power-house. Numerous sea mines on the far shore impeded progress, but after three hours the Gloucesters had taken all objectives. A battalion of the South Wales Borderers then passed through to establish themselves firmly in the power-house, moving on to the railway junction and the eastern outskirts of the town. In the meantime, another body of British infantry had embarked in naval-manned craft on the Pannerdensch Canal and made a landing on the spit of land between the Yssel and the Lower Rhine to the west of the main landing. The spit was speedily mopped up. Next morning contingents of the Essex Regiment and the Lincolns had also crossed the River Yssel under shell- and mortar-fire. The Lincolns had the task of clearing another factory, while the Essex Regiment were fighting in the Goederenstein Station. Polish armoured columns linked up with more airborne troops in the neighbourhood of Wedde, only 12 miles from the North Sea, and the whole area then came firmly into British and Allied hands



**This was never intended by the ... is seen in action along one of the**

**THE FLIGHT OF GERMAN TRANSPORT IN FRONT OF THE ALLIED ADVANCE: A scene in the Dresden-Chemnitz area near the Czechoslovak mountain-range, where a heavy toll was claimed by the R.A.F. The Schnee Koppe is seen in the background of this view**—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

*On left*—As soon as the Allied Armies had entered German territory, they began to encounter transport conditions of a nature which was certainly unpremeditated by the enemy. These autobahns have two, four, or possibly six, traffic ways with elaborate "fly-overs" at various points. The first was encountered at Duisburg in the eastern area: others were found at Aix-la-Chapelle (to Cologne); at Bonn, which had a complex "fly-over" system; at Coblenz; at Saarbrücken. The Allies made good use of them. An especially annoying feature of the super highway—to the Germans—is the fact that it is very difficult to mine or destroy. The specially toughened surface naturally operates against any hurried work, and it would be practically impossible to conceal any mine-laying which might have been attempted

The most significant feature of the enemy's retreat in mid-April was a pronounced movement of German road traffic towards Czechoslovakia. Some 1,500 vehicles were reported going south-east of the autobahn running between Chemnitz and Dresden. When this movement was detected, fighter bombers attacked in considerable strength and levied a heavy toll. A total of 406 vehicles were destroyed and 156 damaged

# A.M.G. in ACTION in OCCUPIED GERMANY

## How the Administration is Being Maintained, and "Displaced Persons" Brought Under Proper Direction

Everywhere in Germany extraordinary scenes have been witnessed on the roads since the entry of the Allied armies. The volume of civilian traffic has varied from a few peasants seated on their piled-up goods to long columns of men and women liberated from "slave" occupations and seeking their homes in distant countries.

Our soldiers have been guiding these people in the general direction of their destinations; to the Military Government, which has taken over villages, towns and cities, they have presented great problems in feeding and lodging and sanitation. The "slave" people have been deliriously happy at first, but fatigue has ensued as the long miles are traversed.

Sometimes the columns on the road are German civilians moved from one heavily-bombed area to another: the German Government had carried out evacuations which now add to the general mix-up. It is these Nazis who are providing the more difficult problems. Clear, concise instructions have to be issued, and these have to be carried out. The employment of local German pastors has proved helpful for this purpose on the local councils of control

**AFTER THE OCCUPATION OF SCHWEINFURT, BALL-BEARING CENTRE OF GERMANY. Men of over fifty years of age are interrogated by officers of the American Seventh Army: if their records are clear of Nazi taint, they are released; the others are put back for further examination. Later, a new set of officials will be chosen from these men to administer the affairs of the town**

**GERMANS TURN IN THEIR RADIO SETS TO THE ALLIES—a scene at Ottweiler after a decree by the Supreme Commander. In the early stages of the advance into Germany this order was strictly enforced—for very obvious reasons**

**A RADIO BLACK-OUT FOR THE GERMANS IN SCHWEINFURT: When this centre of the ball-bearing industry was captured by General Patch's Seventh Army, all the wireless sets in the town were called in. This is one of the piles deposited by the Nazi townsfolk**

**THE FORCED MARCH OF THE GERMANS: Civilians being marshalled westwards away from the war zones, a scene which was enacted at many points throughout Germany. Years ago it was the Nazis who first began callously to uproot thousands of civilians whenever it suited their purpose**

**ALLIED MILITARY GOVERNMENT IN OPERATION ACROSS THE RHINE: Detachments of the British Second Army took up their duties in occupied towns and villages as soon as these had been freed by the fighting units.** Theirs is the vital job of organising the feeding and repatriation of "Displaced Persons" and German civilians, and also of appointing German officials to help in the work of reorganisation and to see that the Allied orders are carried out. Here Lieut.-Colonel H. D. Murrane, officer commanding the 107th Detachment, is conferring with some of his staff

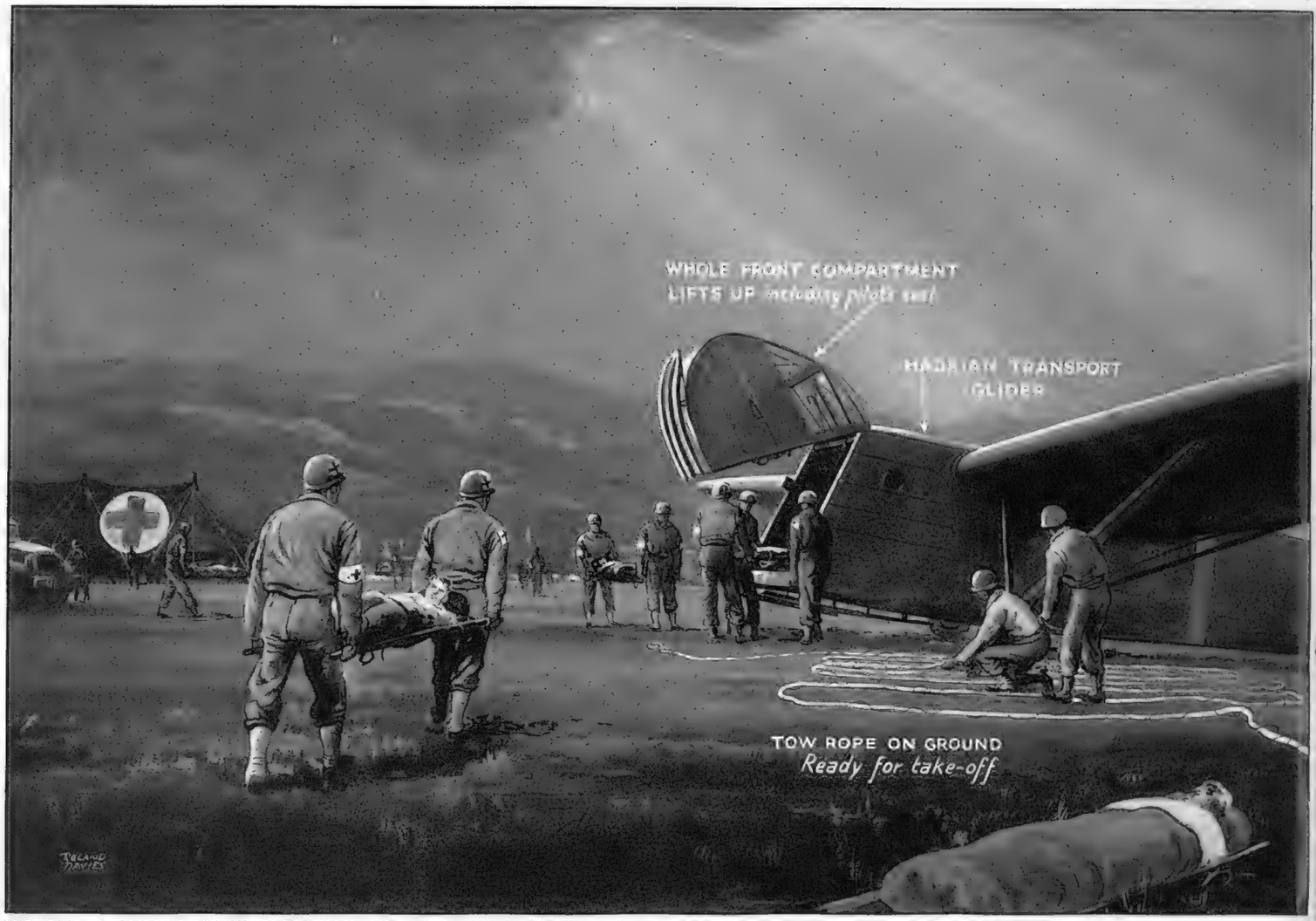
**THE MOVEMENT OF MILLIONS OF CIVILIANS ALONG THE ROADS LEADING FROM THE FIGHTING FRONTS IN GERMANY.** Most of them are foreign "slave" labourers now freed by the Allied advance; but many thousands are Germans, evacuated by their own Government from one part of the country to another, and now trying to regain their homes. All these long columns of "Displaced Persons" and ex-Nazis have to be directed and cared for and housed by officers of the Allied Military Government—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

**CAUGHT BETWEEN TWO ARMIES:** German civilians, among whom were some released Allied prisoners, who fled before the advancing Russians, crowd the east bank of the River Elbe, waiting their turn to be transported across by the American Ninth Army's ferries

**THE RED FLAG FLOATS IN GERMANY:** The emblem of the Hammer and Sickle heads a procession of Russians freed by the British Army from their forced labour tasks in the Reich. The Red Flag has now been seen at many places in Germany—for the first time since the Nazis came to power

**BELGIANS IN GERMANY ADVERTISE THEIR THANKS:** These ex-slave labourers on their way home display a placard on their hand-cart which runs "We are Belgians and greatfull for any help. God Safe the U.S.A."

**THE RATIONS OF THE RETREATING GERMANS ARE GIVEN TO CIVILIAN REFUGEES:** In a newly-won Rhine town, A.M.G. found quantities of military rations left behind by the retreating Wehrmacht. These were at once issued to Russian, Polish, French and Dutch "Displaced Persons" and to German refugees freed from bondage




**THE GLIDER AMBULANCE IN OPERATION ON THE WESTERN BATTLEFIELDS : A HUGE HADRIAN IS LOADED UP WITH STRETCHER CASES FOR CONVEYANCE FROM FIELD HOSPITAL TO THE BASE.** The nose portion of the glider lifts bodily upwards : on the right the tow-rope, of nylon, is laid out ready for the take-off—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

# The WORK of the ALLIED AIR FORCES

## Bringing Out the Wounded, and Relieving Starving Civilians

*—With Two Special Sphere Drawings*

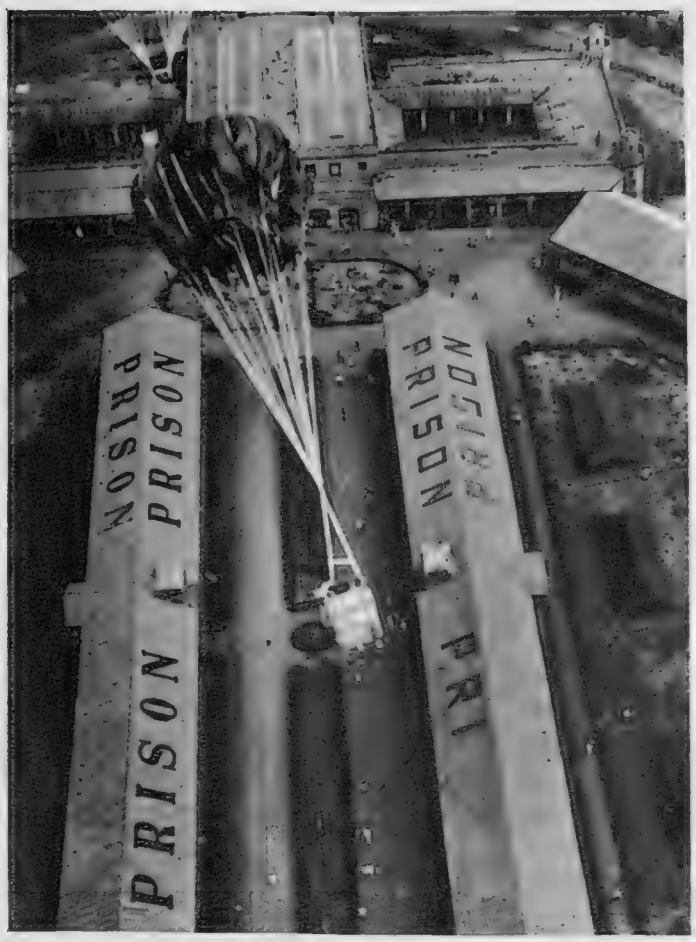
**AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A HADRIAN GLIDER, SHOWING HOW THE TOW-ROPE IS ATTACHED TO ITS NOSE : This type of towed aircraft was used in all the airborne operations across the Rhine ; it is now being used as an "ambulance" for the speedy evacuation of the wounded from the field. Note how the nylon tow-rope is supplemented by a second (and more loosely-coiled) cable, in case the first should break as a result of the heavy strain to which it is subjected before the glider is actually hoisted into the air by the towing plane**

It was during the course of the campaign in Burma that gliders were first employed as "ambulances." After they had landed airborne troops for operations against the Japs, they were loaded up with badly-wounded men who were at once flown back to the distant base. By this means, many lives were saved. In Burma, however, some of the gliders had to be extricated from very small fields ; a new technique was therefore evolved whereby the tug aircraft did not land, but hoisted the glider straight up into the air by means of a special "pick-up" attachment. This great feat could only be achieved by skilled pilots and through the use of nylon cables of great strength and "stretch." On the Western battlefields such a drastic method is not necessary, as the country is not so confused as in the jungle areas of Burma. The gliders used for the task are Hadrians, of British manufacture and capable of carrying a great weight. They are 83 ft. in span, with a length of nearly 50 ft. The whole front compartment in the nose, including the pilot's seat, lifts up so that a jeep ambulance (for very serious cases) can be driven straight out

"BOMBING-UP" LANCASTERS WITH FOODSTUFFS FOR THE STARVING DUTCH: How the sacks of provisions are loaded into the huge bomb-bays of the giant British aircraft

*On left* — Many of the people in Western Holland are starving: their tragic position has been recognised by the British Government, and emergency measures have been taken to send relief to them. Lancasters of Bomber Command of the R.A.F. are now dropping food supplies. Each aircraft is loaded with 6,000 lb. of foodstuffs, consisting of flour, sugar, chocolate, tins of meat, beans—even salt, pepper and mustard. In this way each Lancaster can feed 3,280 people a day. The food is packed into sacks which are hoisted up into the bomb-bays in the manner shown in our picture

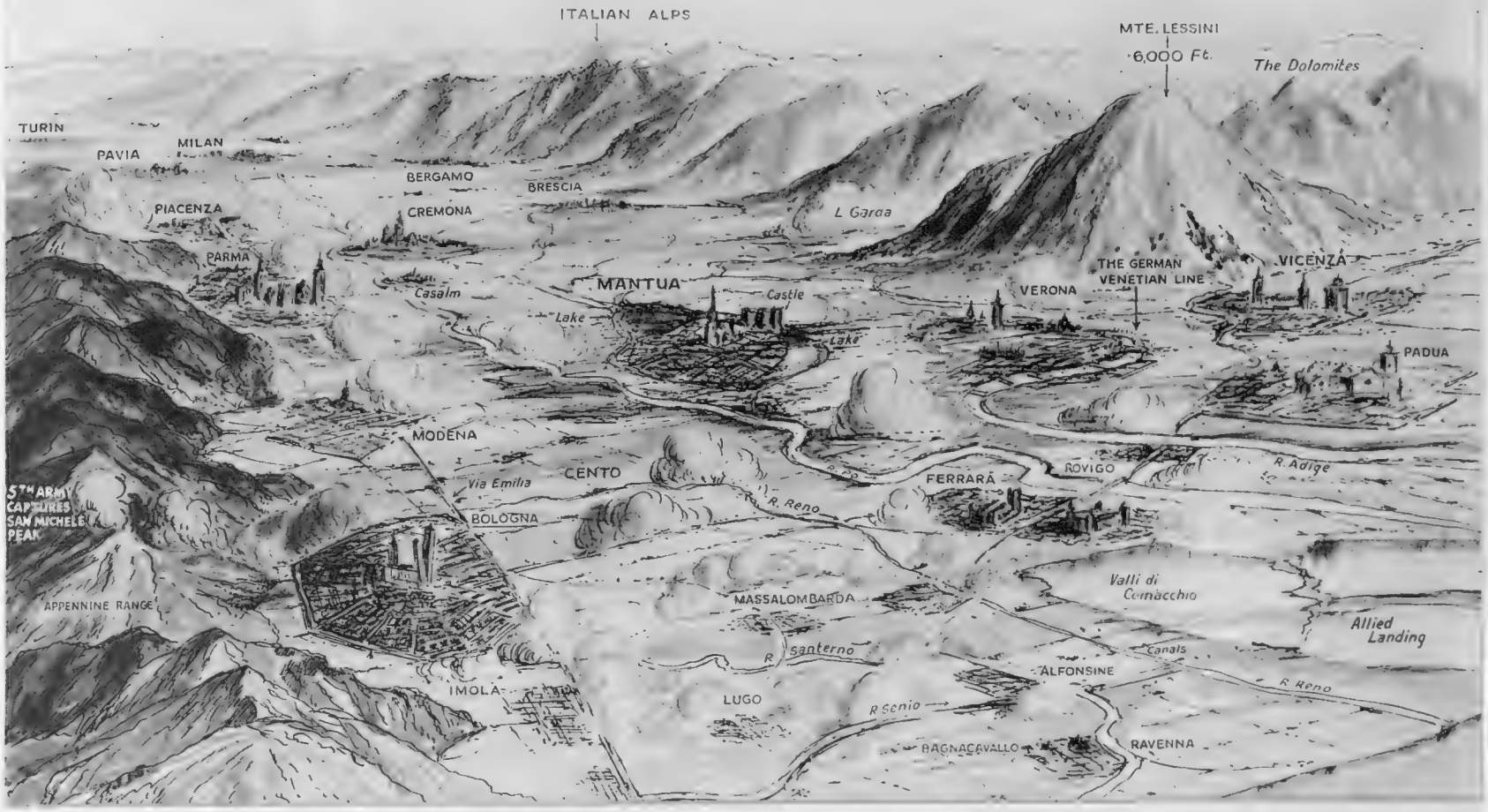
*On right* — In the Philippines similar measures have been adopted by the Americans for the relief of prisoners in Jap hands. The picture on the right shows the scene as supplies drop earthwards by parachute from U.S. Air Force planes to civilian inmates of a Japanese prison at Los Banes, Luzon. The word "prison" was painted on the roofs of the camp barracks as a guide to the American aircraft, which dropped medical supplies as well as food to the camp, situated 25 miles behind the Japanese lines




PRISON INMATES IN THE PHILIPPINES GET SUPPLIES BY PARACHUTE: The scene at Los Banes as food and medical supplies are dropped to civilian internees on Luzon by American planes

THE "LINK-UP" IN THE AIR OVER BERLIN: BRITISH SPITFIRES ARE GREETED BY RUSSIAN YAK 9 FIGHTERS and treated to an aerobatic display by the latter as the two Air Forces meet for the first time in this war in joint operations—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

Russian infantry fighting their way into Berlin saw Spitfires and Red Army fighter planes salute each other in the skies above whilst the German capital was burning to death as the result of the grim battle on the ground. "The entire eastern half of Berlin is in flames," said one of the Spitfire pilots who linked up with the Russians. Smoke and dust were seen by pilots rising 1,000 ft. into the skies over Berlin. A group-captain who led a Spitfire patrol over the German capital before its fall on May 2, said: "When we first saw the Russians we suspected they were enemy aircraft, but when we went down to look we saw stars and other markings on the wings, and there was no doubt about it. We flew right between the Russian planes, which went into formation around us and did aerobatics as a welcome." These aircraft were the fast and manœuvrable Yak 9 fighters




**CITY AFTER CITY FALL TO THE ALLIED ARMIES IN THEIR SWEEP THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE RIVER PO: A view from Ravenna to the Italian Alps, showing the Great Cities of the Plain, all of which fell into Allied occupation or into the hands of the Italian partisans before the surrender on May 2**—*Drawing by Percy Home*

# THE NAZIS SWEPT OUT OF ITALY

## The Capture of Bologna and Other Famous Cities of the Industrial North

After the long winter pause, a terrific combined assault of all arms, including the heaviest Tactical air support, broke the German resistance north-west of Ravenna. The full offensive was opened on April 10. The River Senio, which had blocked the advance last December, was crossed on a wide front; the next river, the Santerno, was soon reached and Lugo captured on April 11. The Germans maintained a fierce resistance, putting up many counter-attacks, but they could not hold the line of the Santerno.

There was great joy when a bridge was taken intact over the Sillaro River, the last obstacle before Bologna, and when Imola, on the main road, was taken on April 15. Farther to the east, the Eighth Army had been pushing up round Lake Comacchio on the Ferrara Road, where they encountered the Argenta Gap, a narrow passage through the marshes. The Germans had sent strong reinforcements to hold this gap, which was vital. By April 19 the Eighth Army had forced their way through and were on the high road for Ferrara, and were thus outflanking the Germans in Bologna. The Eighth Army further assisted by breaking out of the mountains to the west of the city. By noon on May 2 the Germans in Italy surrendered unconditionally.

**AFTER THE CAPTURE OF BOLOGNA ON APRIL 21: The American Brig.-General Edgar Hume, of Fifth Army A.M.G., addresses the Italian partisans after they had turned in their arms.** This key city on the edge of the Lombardy Plain fell after a stiff resistance in the mountains in front of it

**THE GERMAN KEY-DEFENCE TOWN FALLS TO THE EIGHTH ARMY: The capture of Argenta on the night of April 17 was followed by the mopping-up of isolated resistance the next morning.** Near this town is the Argenta Gap, a narrow passage through the marshes, which the Germans had reinforced with fresh troops and attempted to hold

**BRITISH INFANTRY ENTER FERRARA ON APRIL 24 AFTER BITTER FIGHTING: Here they are seen crossing the Po di Volana Canal during their assault on the town.** This was the next place of size after Bologna had been entered. It fell at the same time as Modena, at a moment when the capture of 40,000 prisoners was announced

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# IN THE OTHER BATTLE ZONES

**FRANCE'S YOUNGEST GENERAL IS AN ACE RUGBY PLAYER :** He is General Jacques Chaban-Delmas, formerly in the French Underground Service, and just over thirty. During the rising in Paris, it was he who received the surrender of the beaten Germans. In the Rugby match against the R.A.F. in Paris in November last, he scored the only points for France

**THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF AUSTRIA—Dr. Karl Renner :** He is seventy-five years of age and was leader of the Austrian Peace Delegation in 1919. "The Austrian Provisional Government" of which he is now the head has the backing of Moscow: its aim is the restoration of an independent Austrian Republic

**THE EX-LORD MAYOR OF PRAGUE, just freed from the Buchenwald concentration camp :** Dr. Peter Zenkl was the last Lord Mayor of Prague. He has just arrived in London by air after six years in Buchanwald. Despite his long imprisonment, he surprised his Czech friends with his energy and enthusiasm

**THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK VISITS THE TROOPS IN ATHENS :** On April 20 he made a tour of the Athens area, visiting canteens, a convalescent depot, the British cemetery and various units. This picture was taken as the Archbishop of York chatted to soldiers at the Salvation Army canteen at Faliron

**ATHENS REMEMBERS LORD BYRON : A Greek schoolgirl stands at the foot of Lord Byron's statue and recites "The Maid of Athens."** Lord Byron, friend of Greece during her struggle for independence, died on April 19, 1824. On April 19, 1945, a short service to the memory of the poet was held in the Zappion Gardens, Athens. Speeches were made by members of the Anglo-Hellenic League, and a schoolgirl recited Byron's famous "Maid of Athens." The figure of Byron was crowned with a wreath, and wreaths were laid at the foot of the monument. Lieut.-Colonel Lytton-Milbanke, descendant of Byron, expressed his thanks and appreciation

**A MONTH'S RATION FOR WEST AFRICAN TROOPS IN BURMA :** West Africans are on the supply lines as the first of the month's rations come ashore near Tamandu, in Burma. These eagerly-awaited essential supplies, sent on a lease-lend basis, go forward to the troops inland as part of the Anglo-American collaboration to supply the men in the fighting areas

**THE BRITISH USE A JAPANESE SUPPLY ROAD : West African troops carrying small-arms across a semi-destroyed bridge in the Taungup area.** This supply road was just completed by the Japanese to be used as a supply and escape route in the Arakan section of Burma. It is a fair-weather road, and extends from An to Taungup. Every mile of the road, built over chaungs and mountains, was constructed by Burmese labourers. With the landing at Ruywa, of the 82nd West African Division led by General Stockwell, and the 26th Division, this escape route for the Japanese in the Arakan was cut. The 82nd Division landed at Ruywa on February 16, 1945, and proceeded to Tamandu on this road. It is now in the hands of the British from Letmauk to Taungup

# AN INVENTORY OF THE REICH

## Points of Interest in Some of the More Famous Cities of Germany Before the Tidal Wave of War Engulfed Them

By CHARLES GRAVES

AS city after city of the German Reich commits suicide, at the Nazis' order, it becomes apparent that a whole series of new travel books will need to be written about Germany after the war. In peacetime I visited all the big towns. To-day they must be nearly unrecognisable, except possibly for their cathedrals. Some, of course, like Heidelberg, Baden and Freiburg, have been given up without a struggle. The rest, to judge by the photographs, seem to be in ruins.

Heidelberg, incidentally, has quite an English association. The famous castle has an English wing. Frederick V of Bohemia married Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James I of England; two of their children were Prince Rupert and the Electress Sophie of Hanover, the latter being the mother of our own George I. I wonder whether the 49,000-gallon barrel used during the eighteenth century is still intact? The object of this barrel and its younger brother, which contained 10,000 gallons, was to guarantee a supply of the best wine for the Knights and Electors of the Palatinate, however long the siege. On August 11 the Germans used to illuminate the castle with floodlights and then let off every kind of firework and Bengal light.

Heidelberg was famous for the duelling clubs of its undergraduates. Best known was the Saxo-Borussia. Dukes, Princes, Freiherrs and Counts have been members of it for generations. A bellicose undergraduate might fight as many as fifty or sixty duels during his three years.

Heidelberg itself is a mass of gabled, red-tiled roofs, narrow streets and an occasional church. It was sacked, however, in 1689.

Freiburg belonged to Austria for four centuries, and also possesses an ancient university. It is a very pretty town, with an extra touch of distinction lent by the presence of small rivulets which run along the side of every street. For Freiburg can be very hot in the summer and the running water is to cool the streets and pavements. One's first impression is of modern villas and blocks of new concrete flats, in contrast with the red sandstone cathedral. Its tower is nearly 100 yards high. Freiburg was the chief bartering place for the timber, cherries and kirsch of the Black Forest, but surprised British visitors with the St. George's gateway and its effigy of a hairy dragon. The organ in the cathedral is the biggest in Germany, but I wonder what has happened to the lovely, blue-stained glass, more beautiful even than the rose windows at Chartres?

Baden-Baden, another town captured without a fight, is best known for Dr. Dingler's sanatorium, which was much patronised by rich British visitors in peacetime, and the racecourse, which had a club enclosure as exclusive as the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. The paddock is surrounded by tall elm-trees. There was a tote as well as a grand stand and a silver ring. It was a very pretty course, with the Black Forest in the distance and picturesque farms in the foreground. Baden-Baden was perhaps the most royal of the German cities. It was the only place where you said "Kellner" to the waiter instead of the obsequious "Herr Ober." At Baden, too, it was the tradition to kiss the hand of every woman to whom you were introduced, whenever you saw them.

So much for these three towns which have surrendered without a struggle, and presumably will remain intact.

Leipzig and Dresden are (or were) only an hour and a half apart by train, but it would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast between two cities. Leipzig was famous for its Fair and the 700 trains which passed daily through it, while Dresden must be remembered in terms of its Sistine Madonna. Leipzig was proud of the fact that its great red-tiled railway station was the largest on the Continent. Its Sample Fair went back to the twelfth century; as long ago as 1768 over 8,000 merchants from all over Europe, and even India, came to buy. The underground Fair was the first subterranean exhibition built in the world. I would like to know very much what it was used for during the war. The Fair used to take place twice a year—on the Sunday before the first Monday in March, and on the last Sunday in August. It lasted for two to three weeks on each occasion.

One of the distinctive features of the city was the statue commemorating the battle of the nations against Napoleon. It is a black stone pile, 91 yards high, inscribed with the words "Gott mit Uns." The battle of Leipzig lasted for three days in October 1813, and 500,000 troops were engaged. Among the casualties was an English Captain who happened to be in the neighbourhood and acted as unofficial military observer. There used to be a statue to him before the war.

Leipzig was also famous for its addiction to the bicycle; the whole population seemed to cycle everywhere. It was also the head of the book publishing business of Germany. Baedeker and Tauchnitz both made Leipzig their headquarters.

Dresden was known as the German Florence. Before the last war nearly sixty millionaires lived there, many of them being Americans from Chicago and the Middle West, who liked to buy their way into Court circles; for Dresden is the capital of Saxony and there was a King there until 1918. When the King went, the Americans did not return. Prince Max, brother of the ex-King, became a Catholic priest and was still to be seen in the city; I saw him myself travelling on a tram.

The Theatre Square used to be one of the most magnificent in Europe. It contained the Italian Renaissance Opera House, the green-tiled King's Guardhouse, the Royal Palace and the Roman Catholic Cathedral. Just round the corner was the Procession of Saxon Electors. This unique memorial consisted of 25,000 slabs of porcelain, fired to make them weatherproof, which stretched for over 100 yards along the otherwise blank wall of the Historical Museum. It showed a cavalcade of all the Saxon Electors, Dukes and Kings, riding on horseback against a golden background. By the prophecy of fate it represented all the Kings up to the Kaiser, and there was not an inch of room to put in another.

My chief memories of Dresden are the Church of the Holy Cross, the Bismarck Statue, All Saints', which used to be the church of the English Colony in pre-war days (when English pork manufacturers, too, used to shine at the Royal Court of Saxony), the Russian Church, with its double gold cross, the red-tiled Palace of Justice, with the swearing hand above and the gaol behind, the large farm in the middle of the town (owned by a millionaire called Bienert), the communal fruit-gardens on the outskirts and the chestnut-trees of Bismarck Platz.

The best Dresden china was made 20 miles away at Meissen. Dresden itself, being on the Elbe, was divided in two, but connected by six bridges. Zeiss cameras, Odol toothpaste and most German piano manufacturers had their factories in the new Dresden, while Wagner wrote *Lohengrin* and part of *Tannhäuser* in the old quarter. Bach is another name linked with Dresden, while on the Augustus Bridge there used to be a cobble carved with the letter "N," stated to be the exact spot where Napoleon stood reviewing his troops after the last victory of his life. The police headquarters, if they still exist, show marks of the bullets fired during the riot and revolution which marked the end of the last war.

Nuremberg reached the height of its prosperity, like Bruges, in the fifteenth century. It has declined steadily, except where religion and Nazi fanaticism are concerned. Until this war it was one of the finest fossilised relics of medieval architecture in the world, and I was taken exhaustively round it by Fritz Stemmer, who had also guided Mark Twain round the city. He died three months after I returned to England.

St. Laurence's Church has probably survived. It contained the "Tabernacle," a 50-ft. bishop's crozier so delicately carved that the stonework looked like lace. Outside was the Fountain of the Seven Virtues, the water of which flows from the breasts of the seven allegorical figures. Another unusual fountain was the Bagpiper fountain, which King Edward, who was also conducted by Fritz Stemmer, arranged to have reproduced in miniature as candelabra for Buckingham Palace. The Church of St. Catherine is known to all opera-goers, though they may not realise this. It was the interior of this church which is always copied for the Meistersingers.

The Goldenes Posthorn was the Meistersingers' wine restaurant, and if St. Sebaldus Klause has not been destroyed, it remains the oldest wine-house in the world. It served food, wine and beer every day for 780 years up to the outbreak of war.

Nuremberg in peacetime was a city of toyshops, but as we know, the local craftsmen were quickly diverted to making all kinds of secret weapons and other munitions of war. In the same way, the Stadium, originally used for religious meetings, rapidly developed into a favourite meeting-place of Hitler's Nazis.

Nuremberg chiefly impressed the visitor with its gables and fountains. There were many more than the two mentioned; the Fountain Beautiful and the Little Goose-man Fountain were perhaps the best-known of the others, while the Roman Catholic Church had a world-famous 400-year-old clock which showed the seven Electors circulating round the Emperor Charles IV.

In spite of its Catholic tradition, Nuremberg was where Luther made his first public harangue on the subject of Protestantism.

Let us hope that the Americans do not, for their own sakes, destroy the breweries.

Rothenburg is about two hours by motor-car from Nuremberg. This time its citizens will not have been able to carry out their tradition of buying off their invaders. For centuries the inhabitants bought their way through all the European wars. This was made possible because nobody was allowed to live there who did not possess what was in those days a very considerable income, and so large numbers of wealthy, non-combatant profiteers were able to rake up enough money to buy off any menacing bands of marauders. Only Marshal Tilly refused to be paid off, and captured the city after a long siege. He then decided to hang all the councillors, but relented to the extent of agreeing to let them off if anyone could drain a crystal goblet at one gulp. It contained 5¼ pints of wine. The ex-burgomaster succeeded in doing this, though he sank senseless to the floor a moment later.

One of the curiosities of Rothenburg is that a Scotsman named Cobbold came to live there 500 years ago and gave his name to the most picturesque part of the town. Until the arrival of the Allies, Rothenburg was a jumble of narrow, steep, cobbled alleyways, with tall yellow houses with red tiles and small, picturesque windows.

**A MONUMENT TO NAPOLEON AS A NAZI STRONGHOLD: The huge memorial in Leipzig commemorating the defeat of Napoleon in 1813.** This was one of the last strongholds in the city to surrender: 150 fanatical S.S. troops, with enough ammunition and provisions to last three months, barricaded themselves in and determinedly tried to hold out as long as their supplies. American First Army artillery eventually blasted them into surrender. U.S. troops are seen moving up the slope to the monument after the surrender. A white flag is just visible flying above it

*The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export*

# HOME NEWS-ITEMS Shown in Pictures

**THE "GOLDEN HIND" PUTS TO SEA AGAIN after six years in dock :** Six years ago the famous half-scale model of Drake's flagship *Golden Hind* was put in "cold storage" for the duration of the war. But the times have changed to such an extent that the galleon has now been taken out for her first airing since 1939—a full-dress rehearsal voyage in Plymouth Harbour in preparation for the part she will play in the forthcoming Navy Week. These two pictures were taken as the vessel went up Plymouth Sound under full sail for a "trial"

**THE FAMOUS HALF-SCALE MODEL OF DRAKE'S FLAGSHIP REAPPEARS during a recent rehearsal at Plymouth for a forthcoming Navy Week. The galleon's leadsman is here taking a sounding from the bows**

**A FAMOUS COUNTRY HOUSE NEAR LEICESTER WHICH IS TO BECOME A FARM INSTITUTE :** Brooksby Hall, nine miles east of Leicester, the country seat of Admiral Beatty during the last war, is to become a Farm Institute after the war. The Hall and estate of 180 acres have just been purchased jointly by the Leicestershire and Rutland County Councils for £20,000. It is built of brown sandstone, and was enlarged in 1891. Brooksby was the birthplace of the notorious George Villiers in 1592, who became first Duke of Buckingham, and also the home of Lord Cardigan, who led the famous Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. It is at present being used as a Red Cross hospital

**SAFEGUARDS FOR THE PUBLIC ON V-DAY : one of the barricades in front of a bombed area in Ludgate Circus.** In order to protect the public during V-Day celebrations, the Ministry of Works is busy erecting barricades and strong supports where blitz damage has rendered structures dangerous, and strengthening the temporary walls which have been built around water-tanks, etc.

**A GIFT TO THE NATION : Oldbury Hill, near Ightham in Kent, which has just been presented to the National Trust by Mr. H. A. Hooker :** This is to be preserved as an open space. It is part of an ancient camp at Styants Wood of great archaeological interest. There are rock shelters on the hill of remote prehistoric antiquity, which are claimed to be paleolithic and which are among the largest in Britain. The gift comprises in all an area of 155 acres

**MILLIONS OF BRICKS READY FOR BUILDING : a scene in one of the yards where they are stored for after the war.** Stacks upon stacks of bricks can be seen at Peterborough and in the great brickfields at Stewartby and Bletchley waiting for the word from the Ministry of Works before being used in the building of post-war homes, etc. Owing to all the available space being now stacked with bricks, the output has had to be slowed down and, in some instances, stopped altogether

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

# SCULPTING MR. CHURCHILL—IN BED

*One of the Many Moments in Clare Sheridan's Autobiography; and a Further Selection of the Newest Books*

THERE are three kinds of people who may be interested in Miss Clare Sheridan's new volume of autobiography: those with an appreciation of the lovable beauty of the Sussex countryside; those interested in the author's spiritual views (which evidently bring her great comfort); and those interested in her art of sculpture. Yet in spite of these three angles from which the book may be approached, it remains one with a very "special" rather than a wide appeal.

In MY CROWDED SANCTUARY (Methuen. 12s. 6d.), the writer has offered a strange blend of material and physical experiences; strange, that is, to those outside the range of her spiritualistic beliefs, since to her they are not strange, but the very fabric of her life. It is not only the great joys and the great sorrows which she discusses with her contacts beyond this world (of whom her son Dick and a Father John are the chief figures), but the earthy problems of her daily life.

This, since the war, has been carried on in a small cottage built in the grounds of her beloved and historic Sussex home, now requisitioned for Army purposes. The distress of mind which the author feels as she watches the destruction, mainly thoughtless, sometimes wanton, which the occupying troops wreak on her home, is vividly told. One suffers with her, even while feeling that she in turn may have been insufferable to the unfortunate men who, brought up amid the cheerful grime of city streets, found themselves marooned in an historical monument, sanctified in the heart of its owner not only by its antiquities, but by its personal memories.

The tale is not all distress, though. The author has her humorous moments when she writes of her agricultural experiments, even with the troops and especially in her efforts to sculp the head of the Prime Minister, her cousin, while he lay in bed, cigar in mouth, alternately engaged in telephonic conversation with members of his Cabinet, or completely hidden among the enfolding pages of his newspaper.

Mr. Gerald Kersh leads his readers into a strange world in his new novel, and if they are anything like me they follow willingly. AN APE, A DOG AND A SERPENT (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a fantastic story about the film world; a summary in which some persons might sourly observe that the adjective was redundant. It is an account of the rise to power, and the extraordinary personality of a film director called Chinchilla (his name being the least improbable thing about him). The story is curiously fascinating and certainly easy to read, and, since the age of wonders has not ceased so much as become banal, it is perfectly possible to believe in the most extravagant of these characters. The whole thing begins, then, with a journalist called Prem, who gets drunk and writes an offensive paragraph about a famous actress. By a process of reasoning which is far from obscure, Prem decides to leave Town soon after that and go to Paris till the whole thing blows over—or up.

In Paris, he meets first of all an American short-story writer, who tells him that Mandarin-Curacao is a good teetotal drink, and then Chinchilla, who nurses him through the terrible hangover caused by his credulity. Prem is fascinated by this strange, poker-faced, imaginative creature who is determined to be a power in the film world. He goes with him to London, sees him collect several thousand pounds in one morning by sheer strength of personality, and is with him at the foundation of his success.

For Chinchilla, true to his ambition, is a sensational success. Prem remains loyal to him through all the vicissitudes of their business, through the advent of talkies—a major crisis—and through the rise and decline of all the stars he creates. In doing this, Prem loses any desire to continue with his own original work, and becomes a cypher, as does everyone who works for Chinchilla.

The only person, in fact, whom Chinchilla cannot subdue or understand is his own wife, an easy-going slut with lazy morals. The final barb from her, directed quite casually, is when she tells him that he is not the father of her child. At the end of the book, and for the first time in its course, Chinchilla is left alone for a moment in his soundproof, luxurious room, with a feeling of emptiness and fear.

This is, without doubt, the best of Mr. Kersh's novels since his Guardsmen stories, and although he is working in such a very different medium, he is just as successful.

**SHIRLEY TEMPLE ENGAGED, but will not wed for two years:** Famed throughout the world as the little girl of the films, Shirley Temple is pictured here with her fiancé, Sergeant John George Agar, of the U.S. Fourth Army Air Force. Their engagement was announced last month by Shirley's parents. They said, however, that 16-year-old Shirley and 24-year-old John would not be married for at least two years. It had not been planned to announce the engagement at this time, but Shirley could not resist wearing the ring, which she and her fiancé are seen admiring, at a school luncheon—and so the secret was out

WHITE OF MERGEN (Faber. 8s. 6d.) is the elaboration of a book, which I remember with great pleasure as *Siamese White*, into a play. In a characteristic and original foreword, Mr. Maurice Collis writes that he does not look on this play as a regular dramatic version. "There is in literature," he adds, "no such thing as a dramatic version of some other book. If a drama is good it stands on its own feet; it is a separate creation, obeying its own laws, with its own meaning and its own atmosphere.

"Historical plays are necessarily founded on some narrative or other, but it is beside the point whether the facts of history on which they are built have been assembled by the dramatist himself or some other person. . . . A man reads a history to ascertain precisely what is known to have happened at a given moment, but he reads (and watches) an historical drama because it delights him to behold men of past days doing and saying things which are prompted by their known character, and of which there might be record were the documents fuller."

I particularly like, by the way, the engaging optimism of that last phrase.

The play, then, is an imaginative, semi-biographical account of one Samuel White, an English trader in Siam during the seventeenth century, who breaks away from the East India Company to become in the exact sense of the word a free trader, in rivalry with his former employers. Phaulkon, European Prime Minister of Siam, appoints White as Governor of the port of Mergen. White uses this position to accumulate a fortune, for the most part illegally; he seizes prize ships and fakes his accounts.

The fall of Phaulkon coincides with the East India Company's despatch of a British naval ship to arrest White, and bring him to them for an inquiry into his activities. With both the natives and the English against him, White still cunningly succeeds in making his escape. The play closes as he sails for London, a rich and free man.

This brief summary may contain none of the essence of the play and no suggestion of the charm of its deliberately formal dialogue. If that is so, it may be just as well, for it should encourage readers to seek out the play's qualities for themselves, and to enjoy it as I have done.

POST HASTE (Lindsay Drummond. 7s. 6d.) is the excellent title of a popular history of our Post Office services from the days of Rowland Hill to Harry Crookshank. It is well and sometimes even dramatically illustrated with photographs, and it includes surveys of such unpublicised branches as the P.O. Brains Trust, its wonder railway and the post office under the sea.

**ROEDEAN HAS ITS FIRST WEDDING in the school chapel:** On Saturday, April 28, history was made at Roedean School, Brighton, when, for the first time, a marriage was solemnised in the school chapel. Miss Patricia Hazeldine, an old Roedenian, was married to Commander David G. Clark, R.N., of H.M.S. *Vernon*. The ceremony, for which a special dispensation and licence was obtained, was done with full naval honours. Miss Hazeldine is the daughter of Lady Ricketts, and the bridegroom is the son of the late Colonel Clark, of Haltwhistle, Northumberland

Mr. Ivor Halstead has collected some admirable anecdotes in the course of his research for this book. I liked the story of the busybody who anonymously, as is the custom of this breed, sent the following letter to the G.P.O.: "Two people in this house," he complained waspishly, "are using wireless sets without licences and at the same time causing annoyance to me by continuously osculating."

The reading of Miss Alice Tilton's new murder mystery might well and even profitably be divided into two parts: the first, a breathless pursuit of the clues, red herrings and other bedevilments which beset her hero, and the second, a calmer and more reasoned attempt to elucidate them and arrange them in order of possibility.

DEAD ERNEST (Crime Club. 7s. 6d.) is lightly but not carelessly written, and belongs to one of the three categories of detective fiction that usually prove most successful—the thrilling-*cum*-facetious. The other two, in case anyone wants to pursue this line of thought, are, I would say, the thriller-chiller which deliberately sets out to make the hair rise and the spine creep; and the inexorable-logic type, after the school of Sherlock Holmes, though sometimes, it must be admitted, long miles after.

One Leonidas Witherall is the hero of this piece of ingenuity and invention, an absent-minded professor who is also a purveyor of "epic" serials generally written to a deadline and to an accompaniment of frenzied telegrams from more than frenzied editors. Mr. Witherall's attention is diverted in the present book from literature to thoughts of mayhem by the arrival at his door of a "deep freeze"; a refrigerating cabinet intended for really serious household duties, but not, so far as one knows, for the preservation of murdered bodies such as the one Mr. Witherall promptly discovered in this unwanted piece of equipment.

Recommended for those who can take their crime ration with a giggle.

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Drawn by William Dring, A.R.A.

*EDWIN MAIDEN is a fine example of the war-disabled man who has already fitted himself back into industry. Before the war he was a bricklayer employed in maintenance work and building air-raid shelters at a large non-ferrous metal factory. As a Territorial soldier he was called up for service with the 8th Battalion, Royal Warwickshire Regiment in September, 1939, and went to France in January, 1940. During this period he was middle and light-weight boxing champion of his infantry brigade and light-weight finalist of his division. In May, 1940, his platoon were holding a cement factory near Tournai in Belgium when a German mortar shell came through the roof and exploded. Severely wounded in both hands and right foot, Mr. Maiden lay for six days by the roadside before being taken to hospital. After many months in a Dutch Red Cross hospital in Holland and a convalescent camp for prisoners of war in the Ruhr, he was passed fit but without the two middle fingers of his left hand, the second finger of his right, and a part of his right foot. The three years 1940-1943 he spent in prison camps in France, Poland and Germany, where in spite of his disabilities he organised a boxing school. He was finally repatriated in October, 1943, after three years and ten months in captivity, and at once returned to bricklaying. Due to his disability he made the return with some misgiving, but his doubts were gradually overcome and his physical shortcomings fought and defeated. His spirit and courage eventually won, and already he can lay bricks as well as the next man. Day by day he is advancing from straightforward bricklaying to more difficult work such as furnace building and repairing, which though it may test him severely, will be achieved by his unfailing cheerfulness and determination. As Mr. Maiden is only 28, he should have a long and useful life before him.*

ICI

# HEARTS OF STEEL

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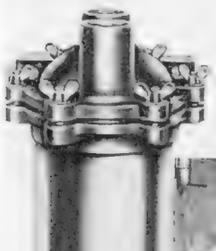
IT is a well-known fact that the first few hours of an engine's "life" are the most critical. That is why manufacturers insist upon certain speed limits being observed if their guarantees are to remain valid. But only recently—and in still too few quarters—has it been realised that the life—and wear—of an engine begins, not in service, but on the Test Bed. No matter how careful the makers may be in degreasing, cleaning and polishing the component parts, once an engine starts running under its own power, and lubricating oil begins to circulate, foundry sand in the castings, and unsuspected abrasive dirt inherent in the surfaces is loosened and damage is done. Aero-engine manufacturers have learned this truth. Their Test Beds are fitted with Vokes Oversize Filters. The Oil Filter has been known to extract 5 lbs of dirt and sludge from an engine running non-stop for 137 hours. Models are made in single and twin form with capacities of from 15 to 3,000 g.p.h. in engine oil and from 30 to 6,000 g.p.h. in hydraulic oil.



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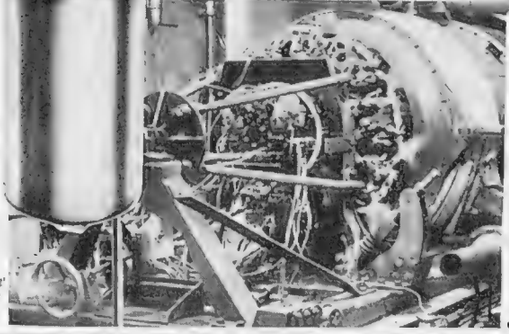

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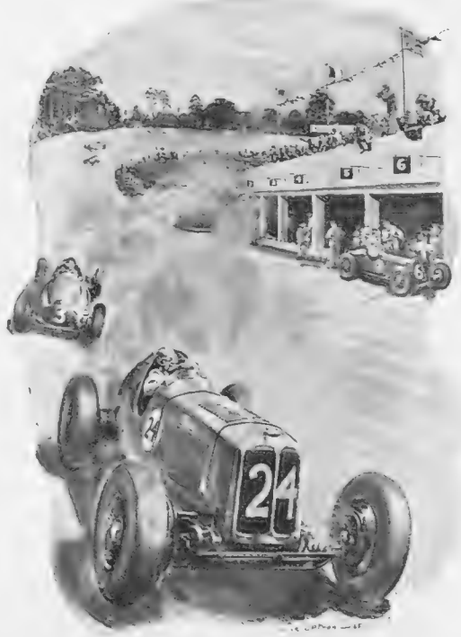

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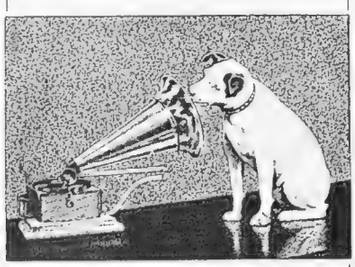

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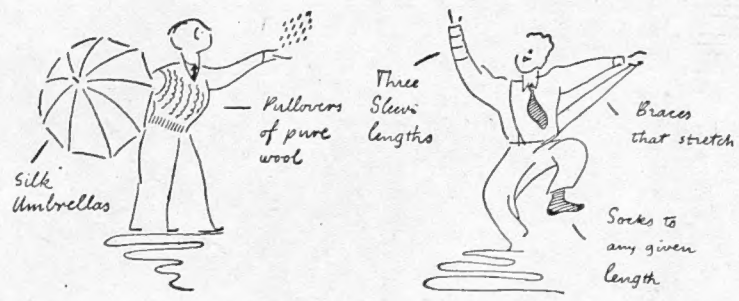


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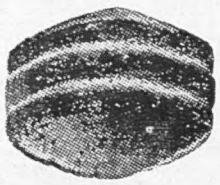

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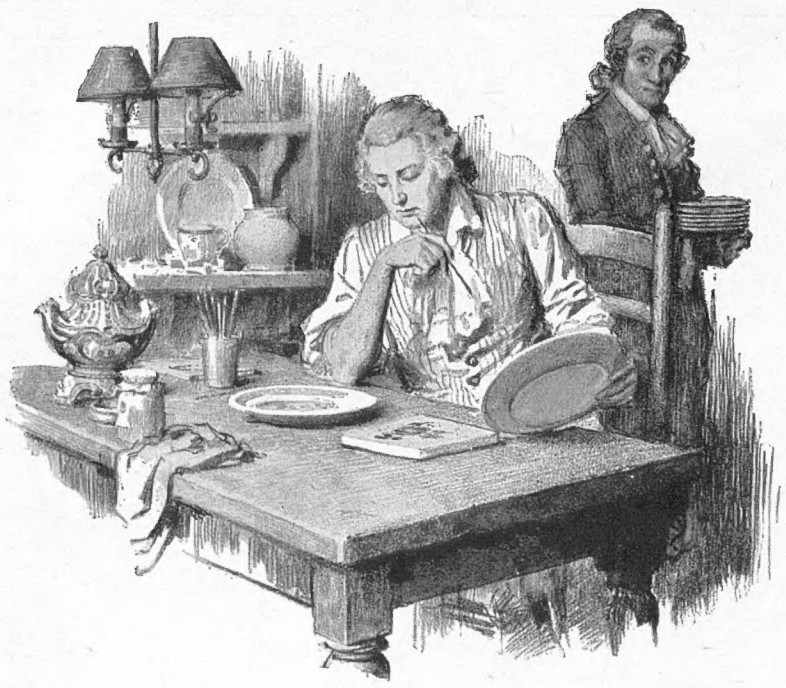

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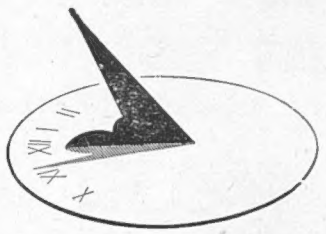

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# ALL OVER *bar the shouting?*

Well, not quite perhaps, but near enough the end for those not going East to begin planning their own private operations again. Interviewed yesterday, Lieutenant Depthcharge, R.N.V.R., informed us that his post-war plans were entirely subject to the whims of a young party named Polly. "She's getting shockingly fat, as I told her on my last leave," he said, "but a few days' hard galloping over the Downs and I'll have her in fighting trim. She and I used to know most of the bridle-paths up on the chalk, and we're going to explore them again with nosebags and a flask. But first of all I've got to investigate some Riding Kit I've been dreaming about . . . of course, at

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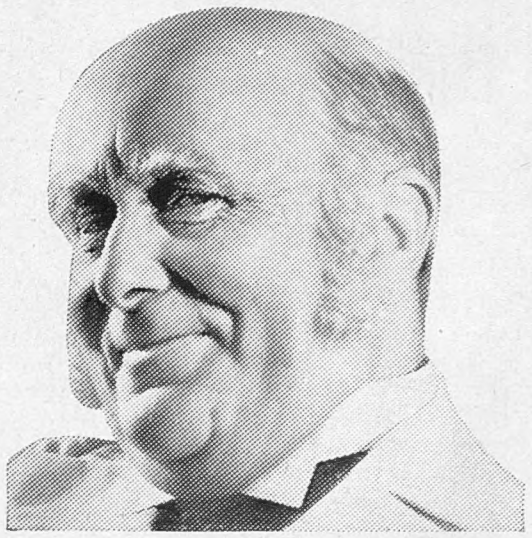
Corner of KING ST. and BEDFORD ST., W.C.2

*And at Bristol, Manchester, Camberley, Aldershot, Bournemouth, etc.*



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says OLD HETHERS

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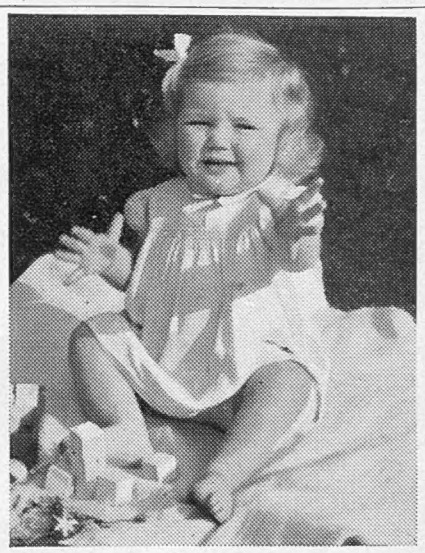

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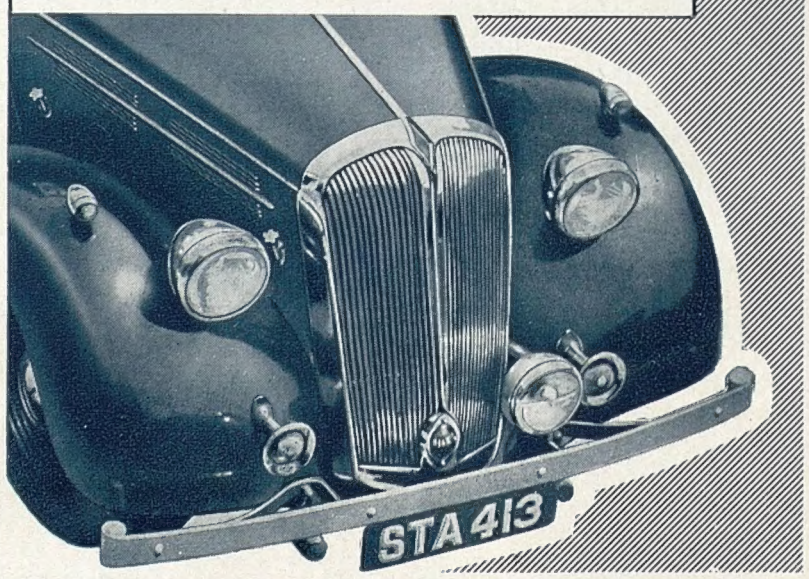


THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY


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